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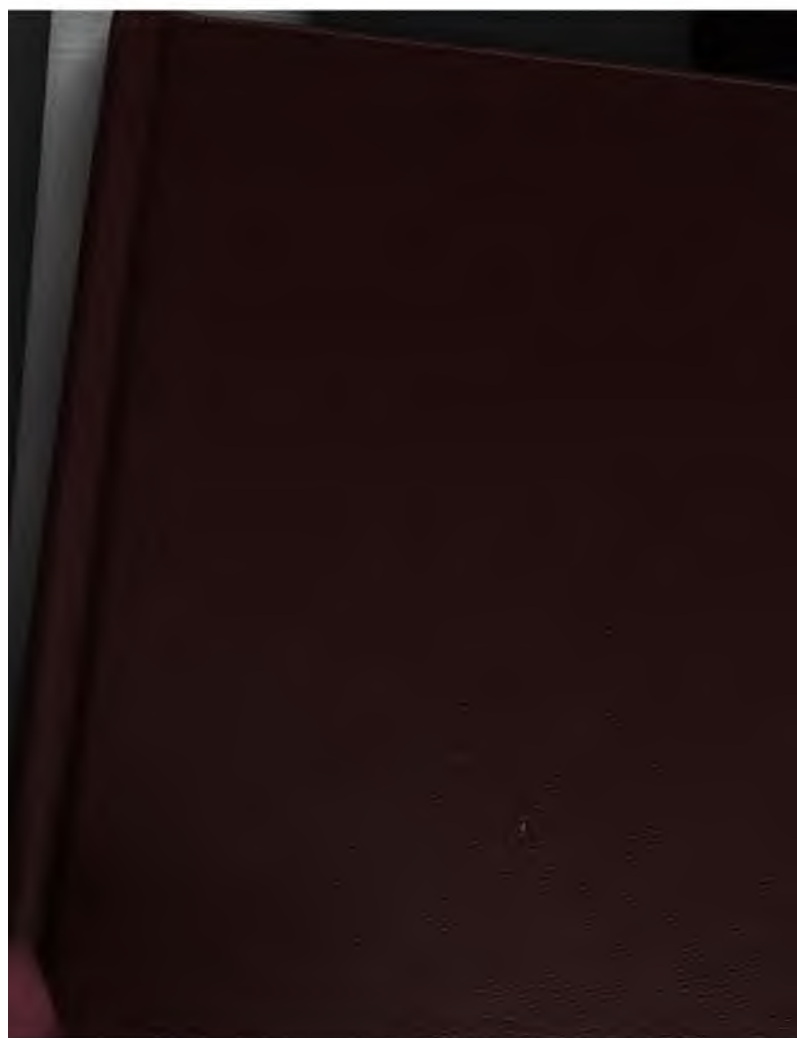
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FAITH WITH POWER

A LIFE STORY OF
QUILLEN HAMILTON SHINN, D.D.

BY
Henry
WILLIAM H. McGLAUF LIN, D.D.
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH

“ . . . Worthy of the calling and the work of faith with power.” (Saint Paul.)

ILLUSTRATED

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1912

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COMMENDATION.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn, D.D., was "a sower who went forth to sow." The command of the Lord was in his soul; God's love and man's need were his seed; the world was his field. He travelled north and south, east and west in tireless zeal and unflagging faith. He flung his seed, as he strode across the world, with a generous hand. The harvest from his sowing has been plentiful, and the work of gathering has only just begun.

It was in recognition of these truths that the trustees of the General Convention at Springfield, Mass., October, 1911, and the Convention as a whole, adopted the resolution prepared by Frederic W. Perkins, D.D., which reads:

"We endorse the plan of the General Superintendent to prepare a memorial biography of the late Dr. Shinn. We believe that such a biography will not only preserve the memory of a faithful servant of our church, but will prove to be an exceedingly valuable missionary document, particularly in the Southland which Dr. Shinn loved and where he did distinctive work."

And now, as proposed, the Rev. William H. McGlauffin, D.D., another "sower who went forth to sow," has completed the book and tells, in an intimate way, about Dr. Shinn, the man

COMMENDATION

and his work, that which the world and the Universalist Church has never fully known before, and the Missions Committee of the Universalist General Convention earnestly commends this book to all, that the work of Dr. Shinn may be more thoroughly appreciated and the personal qualities of the man more completely understood.

LEE S. MCCOLLESTER, *Detroit.*

MARION D. SHUTTER, *Minneapolis.*

FRANK O. HALL, *New York.*

FREDERICK W. BETTS, *Syracuse.*

W. H. SKEELS, *Utica.*

Missions Committee.

DEDICATION.

To You

Who knew Quillen Hamilton Shinn
Who shared the joy of his vision,
The zest of his undertaking and
The satisfaction of his achievements:

To You

Who "Stayed up his hands
To the going down of the sun," and

To You

Who will henceforth unite
In furthering the cause
For which he gave his talents
And at last his life,
This brief Story is inscribed.

THE VISION.*

The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing; the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon; they shall see the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of fearful heart, "Be strong, fear not: behold, your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense; he will come and save you."

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing; for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land, springs of water: in the habitation of dragons where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

* Often quoted by Dr. Shinn and illustrative of his faith and ministry.

THE VISION

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called "The Way of holiness;" but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there; but the redeemed shall walk there.

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads: they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

ISAIAH XXXV.

FOREWORD.

THERE has been a two-fold objective in writing this story: first, to do fairly what can not be done fully, portray the character of the man with which the book deals; and secondly, by so doing to carry somewhat of the virile purpose, the cheer and perseverance of his remarkable personality to comrades of the faith in their present fields of endeavor.

And so, friends, who in great numbers voiced their estimate of Dr. Shinn and his work, have been called to testify within these pages what manner of man he was.

And here, too, he "being dead yet speaketh," and in his own familiar way. The variety given in the selections from his pencil in Part Two is but a little of much that he wrote, yet enough to show how manifold were his interests and his actions. What is printed has been gleaned from pages that cover a quarter of a century, and the articles presented were not prepared with any thought of their relation to each other by Dr. Shinn; the biographer has brought them together in his own way, has added necessary words of connection and, in many instances, has furnished the titles which appear.

Acknowledgment for assistance received in pre-

FOREWORD

paring the book is gratefully made to Mrs. Shinn for constant assistance and suggestion; to Josiah H. Shinn of Washington, D. C., for use of his "History of the Shinn Family," and for his contribution to this story; to Mrs. Felix Cunningham of Shinnston, West Virginia, for continued co-operation; to Rev. Anson Titus of Boston, who read the manuscript; to Rev. Edwin C. Sweetser, D.D.; to Rev. Burte B. Gibbs; to Rev. Emma E. Bailey; to Rev. Marion D. Shutter, D.D., who also read a part of the manuscript; and to many others.

The book has been written in such hours as could be spared from urgent duties. Outlined in the home where Dr. Shinn spent his last days, and at his own desk, with his books, manuscripts, diaries, letters of correspondents, mementoes and the like close at hand, the chapters have been composed and completed along the way of the author's travel. In New York, Illinois, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and other States the work developed, sometimes in the room of a home where Dr. Shinn had been entertained, sometimes on lawns where he had rested and again amid the stillness of forest trees where he had wandered, or where he had prepared sermons, reports or articles for the press. Rare hours of sacred memory have they been; for often it seemed as if the silent presence of the departed were by the writer's side and a great

FOREWORD

uplift has been experienced. The labor of love for, and with, the friend just ahead, for, and with, the Church he is still serving has had ample reward.

With these leaves goes forth the prayer that what has come to the writer may be experienced by every one who reads. So shall The Life Story of Dr. Shinn bring to many a wrestler with the things of time Faith with Power of things eternal.

WILLIAM H. McGLAUFLIN.

BOSTON, *Junetime, Nineteen Hundred and Twelve.*

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PART I.
FAITH WITH POWER.

A LIFE STORY OF
QUILLEN HAMILTON SHINN, D.D.



BIRTHPLACE: BINGAMON, W. VA.



BOYHOOD HOME: SHINNSTON, W. VA.

FAITH WITH POWER

CHAPTER I.

BOYHOOD.

IN Yorkshire, England, today the traveller may visit a modest village which bears the name Sinnington; in the period immediately after the Conquest, when the Domesday Book was written, it was called Sinnitun. Through eight hundred years that ancient Saxon village has held its place upon the map of the world with less change in its orthographical dress than is presented by the ancient and modern London, the old form being *Lundonun*. That it was a Saxon village is proven by the ending "tun." Sinnitun means the town or village of the Sinnings. Sinning means descendants of Sinn, who was a chief of the long ago. Thus the village recorded by the census enumerators in the eleventh century with a Saxon name was, of course, a village before that time, and before the invasion of the Danes, and dates its beginning deep in the Saxon glory of the fifth or sixth century.*

The author of "The Shinn Family in Europe and America" traces through the centuries the

* History of the Shinn Family in Europe and America by Josiah H. Shinn, A.M.

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various spellings of which a few are: Sinn, Senn, Sinna, Senna, Shynn, Shine, Shyne, Schin, Schinne and Shinn. The careful biographer adds: "It is the conviction of the writer that the families which appear in every country, under the different names, are lineal descendants of Sinn, the ancient Saxon chief who led his followers in Yorkshire in the distant past."

The immigration of the Shinn family to America was about 1678 or 1680. The name of the prominent pioneer appears in the records with unlike spellings: John Sheen in one place and John Shinn in another. In religion he belonged to the Society of Friends, was a freeholder, the head of a family, and settled in Burlington, New Jersey. In 1680 his name appears as one of the signers of an important letter sent by the Friends of Burlington, New Jersey, to the yearly meeting of the same denomination in London. About 1700 the spelling of the name seems to have crystallized into Shinn, both in England and in America. The Shinns flourished in New Jersey and enterprising representatives found their way into Pennsylvania and other states, where they took prominent positions in developing the new country. A century after the entrance of John Shinn to New Jersey, Levi Shinn left the State, immigrated to Frederick County, Virginia, and shortly after moved to Harrison County in the same State, now a part of West

BOYHOOD

Virginia, where he settled in 1778, near the present village of Shinnston. Here he lived and labored as do hardy pioneers, "blazing with his ax the domain which will be his under tomahawk rule."

To the humble home of Levi Shinn were born nine children. The eighth child, named Moses, married Esther Bushby and settled in Bingamon, not far from Shinnston. Elisha, their second son, brought to this home, as his bride, Mary LeFevre, and to them was born on New Year's day, 1845, the subject of this story, Quillen Hamilton Shinn.

A great inheritance was his; for the clearly traced and far-reaching ancestral line is not more remarkable, and far less gratifying than the array of eminent names scattered through the generations. Those of the Old World, esteemed and honored in the realm of business, civics, philanthropy, music and military relations make a long list. In America, among educators and historians, appears Josiah H. Shinn, A.M., of Washington, D. C., already mentioned; and of writers, editors and scientists, Charles H. Shinn, of California. Of great scholars, theologians and preachers was the Rev. Asa Shinn, a native of Harrison County, West Virginia. He was one of the founders of the Methodist Protestant Church, was often called the Jonathan Edwards of his people and was highly complimented as a

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clear and convincing reasoner by the late Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D., the noted Universalist. To these could be added many others occupying foremost places as physicians, inventors, artists, soldiers, lawyers, judges and promoters of different enterprises for the betterment of human relations.

Elisha Shinn, Quillen's father, was engaged in farming and through the winter months clearing away the trees and brushwood from the hills and valleys in process of winning the land for tillage and pasturage. He died while a young man, in 1847, leaving his widow with three small children: Albert Irving, who was older than Quillen, and Mary, who was younger. This bereavement served to bring out the latent and nobler qualities of womanhood with which Mary LeFevre Shinn was endowed, and Quillen, who retained no recollection of his father, was blessed with one of the best of mothers, of whom he often spoke with marked appreciation. To a winsome personality she added strength, industry and lofty ideals. Clear-minded and with deep religious sentiments she looked well to the ways of her household, and, like the model woman of old, "Opened her mouth in wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness." Of her ancestry the writer is not informed, but of her own superior worth the evidence is abundant.

The old home is still standing, and near-by the great trees under which Quillen played with

BOYHOOD

brother and sister, and where the mother betimes joined in the sports and imparted important lessons of life's morning time. "If you would find a great man, you must first find the great mother" is a proverb which comes to mind as one traces the story of this accomplished woman and of the man she bestowed upon the world.

When Quillen was three years old he became so seriously ill that his recovery was doubtful. Dr. Jacob Fortney was called to attend him and the restoration of her child to health won for the doctor the confidence of Mary Shinn, which confidence ripened to friendship, that to love and resulted later in marriage.

The going of Mary and her three children to the home of Dr. Fortney at Shinnston was the beginning of a strenuous life for her. There were nine children of Dr. Fortney and "Amy Shinn," a former wife, and though none of these were in the home permanently, they were frequent visitors and came more or less under the influence of their new mother. By the second marriage there were born to her, L. F. Fortney, Columbia E., A.Q., Harriet, Augusta, Elhanan, Philip and Richard. In writing of this family Columbia, now Mrs. Felix Cunningham, says: "We all loved our Shinn brothers and sisters, as they did us, feeling that we were all of one family happily bound together."

Mary Shinn Fortney, as we may now call this

FAITH WITH POWER

mother, so weighted with responsibilities, was of a religious temperament. In early life a member of the Presbyterian Church, she named her baby "Quillen" for a preacher of her own faith, and pledged him to be a Presbyterian minister. After her marriage to Dr. Fortney the family became interested in Universalism through a noted treatise called: "The Salvation of Christ," of which the author was the Rev. Geo. W. Quinby, D.D. This publication was read and re-read in the Fortney home. The result was the adoption, with joy, of the principles taught and, henceforth, the Fortney dwelling was a center of influence for the "Good Tidings." That a spirit of appreciation and Christian devotion prevailed is indicated in the circumstance that the next baby, born shortly after this conversion, was named "Quinby." Another evidence in the same direction is the fact that two sons, in addition to Quillen, became Universalist ministers. These were Granville L. and Leroy F. Perry F. Fortney, a son of Dr. Fortney by his first marriage, chose the ministry also, taking fellowship with the Campbellites.

If, in heredity, Quillen was fortunate, the environment of such a home was likewise favorable to the development of those qualities that shone resplendent in his maturity.

God's great out-of-doors co-operated. Around that West Virginia home the wooded hilltops,

BOYHOOD

the deep gorges and the pleasant valleys were effective school masters to one of Quillen's sensitive nature. The sloping hillsides back of the homestead afforded abundance of farming and pasture lands. Heavy growths of timber, walnut, hickory, chestnut and oak abounded. The near-by river, "The West Fork," winds its way, 'mid rugged beauty, filling the air in the distance with music of tumbling waters. A modern iron bridge now crosses the stream, but in Quillen's days, the ferryboat as called for moved from shore to shore. Sometimes it was plied by the passenger himself. If, perchance, he did not find it, he placed his hand beside his lips and shouted the familiar "Yo-Ho" till somebody appeared and brought the boat across. And this not for money, for "noblesse oblige" was the order of service in that place in ante-bellum days.

The Fortney house, where Quillen passed his early years, was a substantial brick of two stories, elevated, and facing across the river to the village of Shinnston. The house was of the better class, the rooms square and large, finished in the natural wood, each one containing that source of health and family joy, the open fireplace. It was a home of comfort and well-known hospitality.

"Great fires up the chimney roared,
The stranger feasted at the board."

Young Quillen evinced early that which was noticeable in later years; a will and a way of his

FAITH WITH POWER

own. He was at once his mother's idol and her anxiety, active, daring, afraid of nothing apparently, impulsive and hasty. It was often predicted that he would meet with some terrible accident; be killed or at least crippled for life. But "Aunt Emily," his father's sister, would always reply, "No, no, Quillen will not be killed or crippled, but will grow up and some day be President of the United States."

Naturally such a robust and impetuous boy was often in trouble. It is, however, recorded that when the judgment day came, as come it did in family counsel, or quietly at his mother's knee, he was ever ready to confess his faults; to tell the whole truth, and with good resolutions to face the better way with the approval and assurance of the loving mother.

While the home of Dr. Fortney was one of frugal comfort the large family and meager income from his profession called for industry by the growing children. To the usual activities of farm life there was added that of brickmaking, work in a tannery and, in the winter, caring for the stock, gathering and preparing the fuel, getting out fencing, and the like.

Quillen was marked by a love of robust sport. To hunt and fish, to swim, to climb the mountains, in the colder season, to engage in coasting, skating and snowballing, were joys which raised his spirits to the highest pitch,

BOYHOOD

but the love of horseback riding, and, when possible to find a contestant, horseback racing, may have been most marked of all.

As for school privileges there were none of a public character, but Harrison County boasted of some excellent private schools and in these Quillen had his early and limited opportunity. One winter he walked daily to and from the school three miles away.

As a child he evinced a humane disposition and quickly resented harsh treatment of any animal. He was always caring for the sick horse, dog, sheep or anything in distress. Plowing in the field one day he discovered a bird's nest, the eggs still warm, from which the mother bird had been frightened. Turning the plow aside he left them undisturbed. A little later the tall grass at that point arrested the eyes of the farmer for whom Quillen was working and a severe reprimand followed, condemning both the "poor plowing and silly sentiment," to which was added a threat of discharge should there be a second like occurrence, while amid the cries of the birds, the man crushed the eggs in the nest under his feet. Quillen vigorously protested and showed his indignation by at once leaving the plow and the field.

Before reaching his teens he was seeking out and assisting the needy. Two old ladies left in widowhood and poverty were his special objects

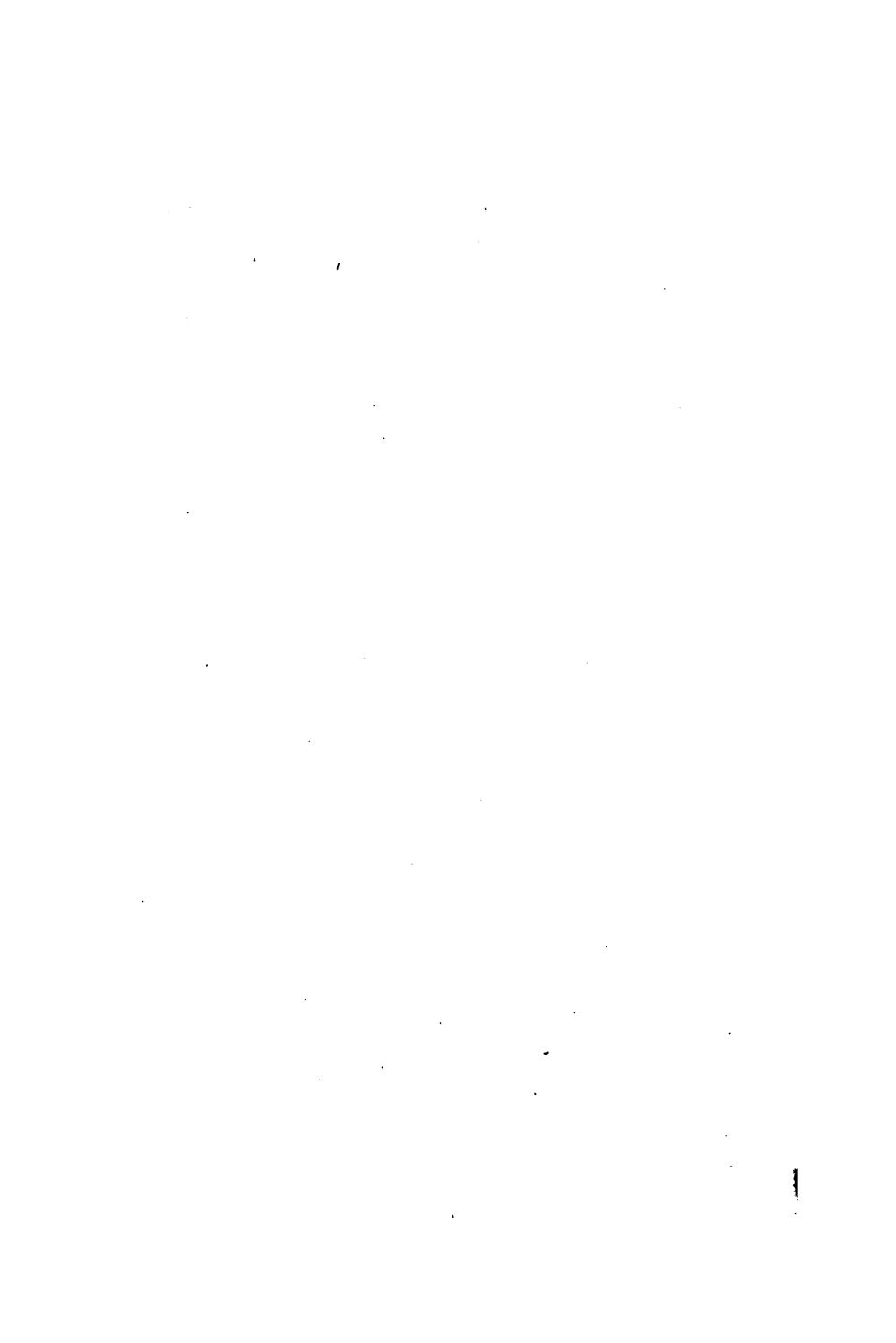
FAITH WITH POWER

of attention. For small pay he worked out and with the wages bought groceries for them and other things needful. He would take the ferry-boat up the river, gather a load of driftwood, bring it to the nearest point and then carry it by back-loads up the streets of Shinnston to the yard of these pensioners of his, then fit it for the fire, and pile it under cover near at hand.

And so this boy grew strong of body and of will, tenacious of purpose, kindly of heart and at sixteen was so much a man that we find him a hired hand, hard at work on a neighboring farm. His pay was five dollars a month.

When two decades and more had passed away, and the country boy had risen to a recognized position of power in winning lives to the better way, he wrote of these early days as follows:

"After these years of absence how strange every thing seems at the place of my boyhood. It has taken several days to renew my acquaintance with these beautiful hills and valleys. The hills seem nearer and easier of ascent, than when I was a lad. Perhaps it is because of my familiarity with the White Mountains, but more likely because it was so hard for me to climb them after working in the harvest field, or hoeing corn on the hot summer days. Were they ever so beautiful before? Graceful the slopes, exquisitely terraced, so green with verdure! The winding valleys are fringed with bright colors of autumn, contrasting





VIEW OF SHINNSTON.

BOYHOOD

with the fresh greenness of the meadows and fields of springing wheat.

“I sit in the warm sun feasting my eyes on these new, yet old familiar, pictures. I walk along through the field, climb the steep slopes, seek every path trodden by my childhood feet, roam the woods and again live over the past. And now come the children to go chestnutting, or hunting again in the forest where we cut down a great beech tree loaded with a wild vine and grapes most delicious. How it delights these young hearts, especially Eddie and Paul, my own ‘Yankee boys.’”

CHAPTER II.

IN THE ARMY.

FROM the unrest, bitterness and ruin that came to the Southland through slavery, and the conflict which resulted therefrom, none suffered more than Virginia. The large mountainous portion of the State lying northwest of the Alleghanies was settled by a class of people somewhat unlike that which occupied other portions of the commonwealth.

A hard working yeomanry were they, whose ancestors, by dint of persistent struggle and sacrifice, had made homes in the remote wilderness. Few of their children had school advantages, newspapers rarely found way into those families, and books, save the Bible, were seldom seen. Yet trained among rugged hills they were lovers of justice, of liberty and of equal rights before the law. By the breath of the mountains they had grown stalwart, generous and strong, and in native simplicity and honor despised all forms of oppression. The great majority hated slavery, and accounted all talk of disunion to be dishonorable.

In Quillen's boyhood he heard the arguments

IN THE ARMY

of slavery and anti-slavery, of union and disunion. The voices of the strong sounded in his ears and stirred his heart. Stonewall Jackson, one of the greatest of the Confederate Generals, and perhaps dearest to his soldiers, grew up in Harrison County, not far from Shinnston, while Hon. F. H. Pierpont, the War Governor of Virginia, who remained loyal even when his State seceded, lived in Fairmont, not far away.

Flag raisings and speech making intensified conflicting passions. In after years while yet the war spirit remained, Quillen wrote: "It was in the mountains of West Virginia where the struggle against secession began. It was there I first saw the rebel flag polluting the air, and heard the serpent's hiss that was in its folds. And there, also, the great meaning of the stars and stripes was flashed into my soul."

A popular vote of the whole State would doubtless have retained Virginia in allegiance to the Union. It was carried out by act of the legislature, whose resolution secured a majority of thirty-three. That was on April 17, 1861. Western Virginia would not submit to this action, and calling a convention of its own set up another state government, adopting for a motto, "Mountaineers always will be free." The formal withdrawal from Virginia took place at Wheeling, May 13, 1861. President Lincoln approved the act of congress, December 31, 1862, providing for

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the admission of the State of West Virginia into the Union.*

All this so quickly told covered a period fraught with many sad events in family circles and quiet neighborhoods. Houses were divided, children turned against parents and brothers fought against brothers. The Shinn family was loyal, and so stood with the great majority in its section. Quillen, though but a boy, was of the disposition to share ardently the desires of his people, for what he deemed the right.

Of one of the earlier conflicts that marked the opening of the war he was a witness and thus tells the story; "I was working on a farm four miles east of Shinnston. The man who hired me to hoe his corn was a strong abolitionist, McCord by name, who had come from the Shenandoah Valley. Adjoining his farm was that of Peter D. Writer, a noted secessionist. When the soldiers first poured into our State from Ohio and Indiana this man gathered together, and arranged, the tenants on his place, and the neighbors who were in sympathy, and prepared to make resistance. A small detachment of Union soldiers arrived at midnight. We were all awakened. Lieutenant Cabel urges the abolitionist for whom I work to accompany them. He mounts his horse to recon-

* The unusual establishment of West Virginia, as a State, is treated by eminent writers. Its history is unlike that of any other in the Union.

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noiter; is fired upon; returns; leads the soldiers over to the place and, as they near the house of Writer, the latter opens fire. One of our guides and several soldiers fall. The rest retreat.

"Next day I stand picket on the hill watching until reinforcements come. Soon the home of Writer and all his buildings are in flames. Meanwhile, rifle balls whistle down over our heads from the woods above. One man descends on horse-back, utters defiance, attempts to escape, but in an instant falls dead, pierced by a dozen balls."

It was but natural that a lad with the make-up of Quillen should soon enlist in the war. In the Third Virginia Infantry he had his first experience. He was but sixteen years of age and he entered the service as a band-boy, August, 1861.

Among the carefully preserved relics of his army life is a letter which he wrote to his mother. Across the envelope are traced in Dr. Shinn's later handwriting the words, "My first letter."

The paper on which the letter is written is embellished with a cut of the United States capitol in the background, soldier tents in front, and still nearer a sentry with rifle bayoneted, standing guard, while over him proudly floats the Star Spangled Banner. All this in colors, red, white and blue, and beneath is the motto, "Our Flag is Still There."

Let it be remembered that the boy who wrote this letter had received little schooling. His



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youthful composition shows a rare medley of sentiments, joyous, tragic and dietetic and illustrates the exaggerated reports received about the war. Withal it has such a touch of vigor and youthful exuberance, that a part of it must here be given; the spelling and all as it appears in the original.

Beverly, W. Va., September, 23, 1861.

Dear Mother:

We arrived here yesterday. i am well and getting along fine. i like sogering better than anything i ever done. i hope that these few lines will find you well and i hope that you hav got all the secesh run off from worthington. we have the best time in the world. we started Sunday and arrived yesterday evening. we marched over three or fore battle fields. we were half a day marching over larel hill. it is offel to see the entrenchments made by the seceshenists. there is twenty-three or fore rebel graves in fifty yards of our camp. my this is a pleasant place here. i am now sitting out in the sun my wrighting desk is a nap sack, the union cause ganed the day out at manassas. they killed 25, Thousand rebels and got about 12, Thousand killed.* there is plenty good peaches here. van holt has gone after

* The first battle of Manassas or Bull Run was fought July 21, 1861. The Century book of facts places the Union loss, killed, 481, wounded, 1,011: Confederate loss, killed, 362, wounded, 1,300.

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peaches now. i have nothing to do half the time. i have all my uniform, overcoats, blankets and everything else. i don't expect you can read this for i had nothing but a lead pencil to right with till just now. agentant lang told me to come in his tent and give me pen and ink and desk. you must right soon and tell me all the news that will interest me. the last i heard from albert, he was at brandt gap. excuse my hand wrighting and spelling.

Yours respectfully,

Q. H. Shinn.

While there was much to engross attention, and little to stimulate the higher sentiments of morality in the army life, certain conditions soon began to weigh heavily on the heart of this boy volunteer. The soldiers with whom he mingled, and who were risking life for a mighty cause, he found all too often were impure and profane of speech, betimes drunken and riotous, and generally given over to the excessive use of tobacco. In the midst of this, as he told in after life, he one night, while lying awake, seemed to hear his mother's voice repeating what she had said before they parted at the home in Shinnston, "Remember I would rather lose my boy on the field of battle than to have him return to me a drunkard and in moral ruin."

The prophet in his cave at Mount Horeb was

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not more impressed by "the sound of a soft whisper" that came to him as the voice of Jehovah, than was this soldier boy, alone in the darkness, alone with memory and conscience, with love and with God. For that hour changed his whole life. The next day he threw away the tobacco, to which he had been addicted, took the triple pledge barring the use of tobacco in any form, strong drink and profanity. From the chaplain he received a medal which he wore upon his breast for many years. The rhyming may be poor, but the significance is potent.

"I promise not to drink, buy, sell or give
Intoxicating liquors while I live.
From all tobacco I'll abstain,
And never take God's name in vain."

Pledges are oft taken only to be quickly cast aside. This one was honored to the last, being kept inviolate.

About this time too, he began the custom of committing a brief portion of scripture to memory each day. This crystallized into a life-long habit, and proved of perpetual benefit.

Quillen's term in the third Virginia Infantry was eight months, as the band was then discharged. After a short rest at home he re-enlisted, Aug. 14th, 1862, this time in Company C, 12th Regiment, West Virginia Volunteer Infantry. In this connection he served till the close of the war. His generals were Milroy, Crook, Sigal and the

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brilliant Sheridan. The battles and lesser engagements in which he figured were twelve in number, as follows: Winchester, Va., June 13, 14, '63; Newmarket, Va., May 15, '64; Piedmont, June 5; Lynchburg, June 17, 18; Snickers Ferry, July 18; Kernston, July 24; Winchester or Opequen Creek, September 19; Fisher's Hill, September 23; Cedar Creek, October 19; Hatchers' Run, April 1, '65; Fort Gregg, April 2; and at Appomattox Court House, April 9.

The varied fortunes of war were his. He knew hunger and weary marches; saw comrades fall and die while the battle surged on. At Winchester, June 15th, 1863, he was wounded by a sharpshooter, the bullet passing through his left hand. It entered his cap box, and so his life was saved. After his wound was dressed, from loss of blood and of sleep, he threw himself upon the floor of a vacant room of the hotel used for a hospital, and was long in unconscious slumber. When he awoke, the next day, he was guarded by a man uniformed in gray. He was a prisoner of war. To add to his chagrin column after column of Confederate troops were marching by, bands were playing and the air was filled with huzzahs. It was the advance of Lee's great army on its way to invade the North.

As a prisoner he was marched off with others toward Richmond. On the way they were turned one evening into an open field to bivouac

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until the next day. Under cover of a dark night and torrents of rain Quillen eluded the guards and started off for freedom. Taking a course up the mountain side he soon found himself in a tangle of brushwood, thorns and briars, and decided it would be impossible to proceed. So he turned back endeavoring to retrace his steps. He wandered for hours but luckily before morning he was again at the prisoners' camp which was in part surrounded by a stone fence. This he approached, undiscovered as good fortune would have it, carefully climbed up without attracting attention and, stretching out on the stones, slept till the morning in the pouring rain. He too might have sung as has another,

"Darkness be over me
My rest a stone."

The captives were soon taken to Belle Isle, a sandy island fringed with scrubby vegetation in the James River, overlooked by the city of Richmond and in full view of the Confederate capitol. There were over four thousand prisoners crowded together at that time. The usual hardships appeared. Two meals a day was the allowance of food. At nine in the morning it was pea soup and a slice of bread, and at four in the afternoon a slice of bread and a small piece of pork. The weeks dragged on but this diet was never changed. Hunger, weakness, vermin and disease accomplished the inevitable. Many were ready to die

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of sheer discouragement. This extremity proved the opportunity for the exercise of Quillen's physical resources, his cheery and hopeful disposition. Many things were devised to divert the minds of the unfortunate men. He introduced or joined in mock trials for imaginary wrongdoing, got up contests and offered prizes for the best singing and speaking, and many an hour was brightened by patriotic choruses, "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground" and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching." And sometimes, too, for the broken-hearted and ready to die, he would quote from his fast increasing treasures of scripture the great utterances of inspiration: "I have learned in whatever state I am, therewith to be content"; "Lo, I am with you always"; "Why art thou disquieted, O my soul? Hope thou in God."

In August, 1863, most of the prisoners were paroled and sent to Annapolis.

Of that joyous occasion, when the United States truce boats sailed up the Chesapeake, with the soldiers again free, the subject of this story made frequent mention. It was indeed a newness of life, a kind of heavenly journey to the land of the free and the home of the brave, "God's country," as the northern soldiers commonly phrased it. Under the protecting folds of "Old Glory" weak voices became strong and sad hearts buoyant as the strains of "The Star Spangled

Banner" filled the air, sounded by men who realized the old-time utterance, "Liberty to the captives, the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

Shortly after this Quillen was again in active service. Of his later war experiences those with "Hunter's Raid," campaigning in the Shenandoah under Sheridan, movements in "The Army of the James" and later "The Army of the Potomac" under Grant were among the most exciting. Of all this and "Sheridan's Ride," which he witnessed, a sketch from his own pen has been preserved and a little is given:

"September 19th, 1864, the greater battle of Winchester, or as sometimes called Opequen Creek, was fought. It was a terrific battle, mostly on an open field. Four thousand prisoners fell into the Union hands, including three generals and many officers of lesser rank. Next day with flying colors Sheridan's army marched through Winchester on to Cedar Creek. The battle of Fisher's Hill followed on the 22nd, when the army of West Virginia came in for honors.

"On the morning of Oct. 19, 1864, as the twelfth Virginia was making its way from Martinsburg towards the front, vigorous canonading was heard. It was the Cedar Creek battle. A portion of Early's army had completely surprised Crook's command. Panic ensued and many were captured while yet asleep in their tents. Dis-

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orderly retreat began, and the stampede spread rapidly.

"Unfortunately, Sheridan had gone to Washington, was returning and had spent the night before at Winchester. He heard the far off thunder of cannon, and starting out early in the morning, soon met stragglers and wounded men. Spurring his black horse he went flying to the front. Great scenes of demoralization met him on the way, an avalanche of retreating hosts. The road was crowded and also the fields and woods on either side. Maddened horses, tangled mules, frightened men, mounted and on foot, refugees, white and black, wagons, artillery, ambulances, all were in confusion, crashing, roaring, surging, sweeping like an inundating flood, carrying on its bosom wrecks of shattered buildings and drifts of thousands converging, whirling, dashing, streams.

"But Sheridan was undaunted, his eyes flashing with determination. 'Turn your faces the other way,' he cries to those in retreat. 'Presently he meets the 6th corp, falling back to be sure, but in good order, and doing effective work to arrest the oncoming foe. He conferred an instant with General Wright, and in a few moments conditions began to change. His presence, his voice and his confidence seemed to magnetize, re-adjust, unify and empower. Wright's corp rallied. The 19th and a portion of the army of West Virginia turned

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back and were quickly doing effective work. The Confederates startled and then stunned by the change in the situation were soon in full retreat. Thus defeat of the Union forces which promised to be so disastrous was turned into one of the most remarkable victories of the war."

Other experiences must be passed by, save a brief quotation concerning the surrender of Lee to Grant at Appomattox, June 18, 1865, and the shock and grief which so soon followed with the news of the assassination of President Lincoln.

"Of course there was great rejoicing in the Union camp over the surrender of General Lee. Mingled, however, with that rejoicing were many expressions of sincere sympathy for that gallant leader. And as we read the tender words with which he closed his address of farewell, many a heart was stirred. The emotions created by hope of seeing loved ones at home soon absorbed us, and we were indescribably joyful. But two days later this joy was turned into bitterest grief. President Lincoln was assassinated! Oh, the blackness of that cloud, hanging like a pall over the gay tents of the Union troops! Little groups gathered and talked in subdued tones, sobbings could be heard on every hand and men, who had stoically faced the cannon's mouth, wept like children."

And this brings us to the close of the terrible war. Quillen's discharge reads: "To All Whom It May



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Concern: Know ye that Q. H. Shinn, a corporal of James W. Moffitt, Company G, 12th Regiment, Western Virginia Volunteers, who was enrolled on the fourteenth day of August, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, to serve three years or during the war, is hereby discharged from the service of the United States, this sixteenth day of June, 1865, at Richmond, Virginia, by reason of general orders, War Department, May 29, 1865. (No objection to his being re-enlisted is known to exist.) Said Q. H. Shinn was born in Bingamon, Harrison County, State of West Virginia, is 18 years of age, five feet ten inches high, light complexion, blue eyes, light hair, by occupation, when enrolled, a farmer. Given at Richmond, Virginia, this sixteenth day of June, 1865.

JERE HORTON, *2nd Lieut.*,
34th Mass. Vols. and Asst. Comsy. Muster
Indpt. Div. 24, A. Corps.

The line in the discharge indicating that there was no objecting to re-enlistment shows that in conduct, as well as in physical condition, the soldier was of good reputation, and that he went back to citizenship with a record for obedience, fidelity and bravery.

For some years, after peace had been declared, something of intolerance remained with Quillen Shinn for those who had broken away from the Union. That could hardly have been otherwise. In later years, however, asperity softened, sympa-

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thy came with a better understanding and old-time scars were healed.

The writer of this biography has seen him reverently placing flowers on Decoration Day above the dust of Confederate soldiers, resting amid the hills of Tennessee, and among his closest friends were those who had fought under the stars and bars.

CHAPTER III.

STEPS TOWARD THE MINISTRY.

It has been seen that the years which normally would have been given to school life by Quillen Shinn were spent serving his country in the war between the states. Thus at twenty he knew little of books or their teachings. For this, however, there were large compensations. As another has pointed out "what was lost in technical knowledge was more than offset by that broad practical education which follows contact with great bodies of men. He was a graduate in self-control, in enlarged views of the world, in the knowledge of affairs and of human nature."

He soon entered a private school and with marked energy began the studies assigned. Not ashamed to sit in classes with those much younger than himself, the taunts that sometimes came because of the disparity of age and size did not disturb. Told that he had best be earning money at work with his hands and that his schooling would be of slight practical value, he answered, "What my business in life will be, I do not know as yet. Whatever I shall do is sure to call for all the knowledge and all the training I can secure."

Quillen's teacher proved far from satisfactory. Feeling that his time was not being profitably

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spent as the school was inferior, he did a characteristic thing — talked up another and a better school. He persuaded some seventy-five others to promise attendance, engaged a schoolmaster to his own liking, was a party in arranging conditions and terms and then became a pupil in his own institution. Many a boy has run away from school; who, beside Quillen Shinn, having so departed, ever formed a better organization and took up studies under his own hired instructor?

He quickly made application of what he had acquired, by teaching school himself in an adjacent country district, meanwhile, diligently keeping up his studies. With the money and the knowledge gained he was enabled to enter a Methodist Academy at Mount Union, Ohio. The course of study here under a somewhat noted Dr. Harts-horn proved of high benefit, as it did much for his intellectual advancement and also stirred his ethical and religious sentiments as well. In the debates among the students he was conspicuous as champion of many unpopular principles and causes as well as for his ability to persuade. A little later he appears as a leader among the Good Templars and soon is heard from the platform, giving addresses on temperance.

And quite unconsciously, or perhaps betimes with dim apprehension, he was taking steps towards the ministry of the Universalist Church. A revivalist of the cruder type and harsher doc-

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trines held meetings in the vicinity and his utterances deeply stirred the emotions of Quillen's heart and the protests of his thought. Then began in a new way and for a new purpose the study of the Bible and such helps as he could secure to aid in a better understanding. Of this he later wrote as follows: "Some years ago, a young man riding horseback among the mountains of West Virginia carried in his hand and studied, as he rode beneath the great trees, a little soiled, half worn out book entitled, 'The Salvation of Christ.' Its glowing words lit up a path for him out of the wilderness. It was the same book which had brought comfort and hope many years before to his own mother."

It was Mrs. Abbie M. Lott, then living at Fairmont, West Virginia, who first spoke openly to Quillen of becoming a Universalist minister. At a temperance assembly in Fairmont, West Virginia, she first met him, heard him speak with much enthusiasm, even passion against tobacco and strong drink. She took him to her home for entertainment and a lifelong friendship was the result. Of the following months Mrs. Lott says: "He came often to our house, always eager to talk of the higher activities and his visits marked the happiest of hours for us all including the children with whom he was a great favorite. I realized that his life was pure, that he had great talent and endurance, and one day, when talking of our

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common faith, I said, 'You ought to enter the ministry.' With blushes suffusing his cheeks he replied, 'I could never be a minister': " and in added words disclaimed all fitness for the high position. Mrs. Lott, however, was persevering. She furnished him with literature of the church, pointed out the need of ministers and pressed her belief in his fitness to become one of God's great prophets. The impression made by this noble Universalist woman was profound and marked another turning point in Quillen's life. Not long afterward he sought out the nearest Universalist Church, which was at Kent, Ohio, and spent a Sunday there. The minister was the Rev. Andrew Wilson, and here is what he writes of that day:

"In the early spring of 1867 one Sunday morning a young stranger appeared in our congregation. The hall being crowded he sat on a front seat. My attention was attracted by the great interest which he manifested. At the close of the service we were soon acquainted. It was Quillen H. Shinn and he had come to attend the first Universalist service of his life and my sermon was the first to which he had listened from a Universalist preacher. He spent the day at my home and at night spoke at a Conference meeting, expressing good thoughts in excellent spirit. I felt he had the elements of a strong man and encouraged him to prepare for the ministry. Before he left me plans were made looking toward his entrance to the

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Divinity School of St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York." "Father Wilson," as this timely counselor was ever afterward designated by the young man thus encouraged, took great satisfaction in later years because of his part in giving through the Universalist Church such a benefactor to mankind.*

There was some opposition among the Shinn connections to Quillen's plan for becoming a Universalist minister. Mrs. Emily Martin, an aunt on the father's side, who was greatly esteemed, was particularly hostile to the proposal. To her it was a matter for fasting and prayer. With much weeping she asked God to show Quillen the error of his way. There were other protests also. However, it was soon arranged for him to start on his journey northward and in September, 1867, he was en route for New York by way of Baltimore. In this city the Universalist General Convention was holding its annual session, and for a day, Quillen was in attendance. Quite unexpectedly to himself as to all, when the day ended his name was on all tongues. The Rev.

* Since beginning this story the writer received letters from both Mrs. Lott and Father Wilson, full of affectionate and joyous memories of the days above mentioned. Within a few weeks both had passed on to reunion, in the world invisible, with the life they had influenced to the ministry of Christ on Earth. Father Wilson died Nov. 10th, 1911, at Ravenna, Ohio, and Mrs. Lott died Dec. 24th, 1911, at Fairmont, W. Va.

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Anson Titus thus describes the event:* "At the convention, after listening to the wordy and sharp discussions upon the Winchester Profession of Faith, for which the convention was noted, Mr. Shinn, overturning all parliamentary decorum, arose and said he was on his way to Canton to fit himself for the ministry, but felt more like returning to his mountain home, for evidently Universalist ministers could write better than they could talk. The utter unexpectedness and sincerity of the stranger's words brought the doctrinaries face to face, not with conceited theories but with living problems. A new spirit was quickened and pandemonium was turned into a love feast."†

It was fortunate that Quillen Shinn fell under the guidance at Canton of the Rev. Ebenezer Fisher, D.D., President of the Divinity School, who was noted for his patience, wisdom and strength. For Dr. Fisher could discover gold amid the dross and in the unhewn stone perceive the angel of beauty. Quillen Shinn was never ordinary; he was saying and doing the unusual. There were no dull times where he was. Where he walked there was always a stir, for he was in

* "To-day," Aug. 1895, where is found a sketch of Dr. Shinn's career.

† Quillen was on the brink of returning to his home but through the advice of Rev. A. J. Patterson, D.D., continued his journey northward.

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himself a sensation. He was generally impulsive in resolve, often hasty in action and characterized by a kind of impatience which made adjustment most difficult to the regularity and method of "class work." Some of the professors at Canton detected no promise of unusual usefulness in the West Virginia student. With certain of his colleagues he was not popular and with others a target for satire and for jokes.

Dr. Fisher is on record as having affirmed that in spite of limitations there were unusual possibilities because the heart was always right and his energies were ever seeking a field for helpful activity. The kindly interest and advice of Rev. John S. Lee, D.D., long one of the professors, was highly prized and often alluded to in later years.

Quillen mastered his lessons and more. He soon began to apply them. A lover of books, he had more love for people. The abstract was not distasteful but his enthusiasm ran in the direction of the concrete.

To the student's Sunday afternoon conference he was faithful and was an ardent promoter of the Good Templars Lodge, to which he had transferred his membership. In a temperance class or "school," so called, organized for the study and debate of questions moral and religious, he was a recognized leader. Our SOCIAL SERVICE of today was anticipated by this divinity student. For he went about among the poor, the rough and the

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wicked of Canton village in a diversified ministry of helpfulness. He found clothes for the ragged, fuel for homes that were cold and food for the hungry. He persuaded boys to throw away their tobacco, to take the temperance pledge and join the Good Templars Lodge. From these un-churched people he soon had a following to both the church service and the Sunday School. It was quite unusual. It attracted attention and comment. The superficial smiled, as the superficial will, assumed an attitude of superiority and designated the new recruits as "Shinn's Swamp Angels." His own breast, however, approved his action and with the kindly sanction of Dr. Fisher and many others, his compensation was ample.

His altruistic activities went beyond the town limit. Zeal for Universalism and for sobriety bore him along. In Brownsville, Natural Bridge, Brick Chapel, Dexter, Ellisburg, Henderson, Hailesboro, Madrid, North Russell and elsewhere his fame as a worker for our cause, while he was yet a student, remains to this day. While other students were indulging in theological controversy which is a common and a possibly useful pastime, Quillen was out among the people preaching the gospel and ministering to the needy; believing in the universal good, his method was to start in and give that "good" a body in daily affairs. The patience of even Dr. Fisher was

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sometimes tried because Mr. Shinn was so much away from the Divinity School. However, as he made a good record in his recitations and was growing strong in his endeavors among the people, his course seemed to be justified.

Of his early sermons "before the Doctor," delivered while yet a student, those who heard him retained vivid recollection. He was forceful both in voice and manner and usually preached a distinctively doctrinal or exegetical discourse.

The first sermon he ever delivered in public was in the Universalist Church at Minden, New York, in the summer of 1868. Miss Ida C. Keller sends this pleasant item: "Dr. Shinn preached his first sermon in our church here in Minden and I have a book he then gave me, 'Grains of Gold.' After he left New York I did not see him for many years. We then met in a convention at Utica. He looked at me a moment and said, 'Why, this is Ida from Minden, where I preached my first sermon.' It seemed to me that he remembered everybody he ever met in that village. It was a very happy hour. As we returned from our walk in front of the church stood Dr. I. M. Atwood, and, as we met him, Dr. Shinn said, 'Let me introduce to you one who heard me preach my first sermon when I was a student at Canton.' In his characteristic way Dr. Atwood looked up and said: 'Heard-you-preach-your-first-sermon — and-lived?'" And so the pleasantries went on.

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It was during this period that a great grief came to Quillen — the death of his mother. There has been a hesitation in putting on the printed page even a little of what he penned in an hour of deep emotion. It has seemed too sacred for the wider public, yet it reveals the deeper sanctities of gratitude, of love and of introspection which dwelt in the temple of his soul and is essential in picturing the manner of man he was. He wrote: "Mother dead? O, mother! There never was a time when I wanted to run to you and feel your arms about me, as I do now. Often have I thought I would not wish to live a day without you and now the thought is realized. Your hands were worn toiling for me, the lines in your face were carved deeper while caring for me. In childhood's hour when little troubles came I ran to you and was soothed. Physical pain or mental anguish vanished if I could bury my face in your lap. When I was rebellious or wayward you kissed away my anger. The last time I saw your face and felt the loving touch of your hand you were kneeling at my bedside. Is there a higher view for me to take? Maybe I need lessons of pain, I who have never learned the deeps of suffering love. My life was part of hers. She lived for me: I grew up under her loving watch and care, and I owe everything to mother."

In June, 1870, he graduated from the Divinity School. It was the centennial of the landing in

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America of Rev. John Murray, the "Father of the Universalist Church." There were twelve in his class, the apostolic number, and each one wrought worthily in the after years. His diploma reads: ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, THEOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT. This diploma certifies that Quillen Hamilton Shinn has, with diligence and success, pursued the full course of studies prescribed by this University, and, having sustained DUE EXAMINATION, therein, has GRADUATED WITH HONOR. Also, that during his residence in this school his conduct and deportment have been such that he is hereby RECOMMENDED as worthy to be received into the CHRISTIAN MINISTRY.

Given at the ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY, Canton, New York, this thirteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, Eighteen Hundred and Seventy.

Signed by us in behalf of the Board of Government of this University.

RICHMOND FISK, JR., *President.*

L. B. STORRS, *Secretary.*

EBENEZER FISHER, Pres. Theological School.

DOCKSTADER, Prof. of Theology.

O. CONE, Prof. of Biblical Lang.

J. S. Lee, Prof. of Eccl. Hist.

This document the biographer found treasured among Dr. Shinn's effects, rolled up in a drawer. It was not framed and hung upon the wall, from there to tell its complimentary story.

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So ends twenty-five years. Three marked enthusiasms appear: a robust piety, a passion for personal purity and an intense patriotism. The first developed the preacher, pastor and missionary; the second resulted in an aggressive reformer along many lines; the third in the ardent Grand Army man and advocate of political principles, first, with partisan success and after consideration.



THE MINISTER AT TWENTY-FIVE.

CHAPTER IV.

PREACHER AND PASTOR.

Woodstock, Vermont,
August 25, A. D., 1870.

THIS certifies that Q. H. Shinn of Gaysville, Vt., after having been duly examined and found worthy, has this day received the Fellowship of the Vermont State Convention of Universalists, and is hereby recommended to all brethren of like precious faith, wherever scattered abroad, to whom, in God's providence he may come.

Also that he is hereby authorized of his own will to call an Ordaining Council at such time and place as he may choose for the purpose, that said Council may confer upon him the rite of Ordination.

This done in Council assembled.

JAMES EASTWOOD, *Pres. pro tem.*

Attest: GEO. GUERNSEY, *Clerk.*

This certifies that an Ordaining Council was called at Gaysville, Vt., Oct. 14, 1870, and the rite of Ordination was conferred on Q. H. Shinn, according to the usages of the Universalist Denomination of Christians.*

G. W. BAILEY	} <i>Committee of Ordination.</i>
S. A. PARKER	
G. M. HARMON	

* The ordination sermon was delivered by Rev. Orello Cone, D.D.

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It is seen from the above that the first settlement of Mr. Shinn at Gaysville, Vt., followed quickly his graduation from Canton. Ordination in October of the same year officially equipped him for the ministerial office. The Gaysville pastorate lasted two years. It was often referred to by Mr. Shinn as "My first and best love."

In this, his initial pastorate, he met with good success, and attracted some attention by his aggressiveness in all that pertained to personal purity and ennobling habits. His temperance principles were emphatically affirmed. One parishioner, living on a farm, often invited him for a visit. Though a temperate man he still kept up the old custom of giving intoxicating drinks to his men in the hayfield. This, Mr. Shinn hated to see and, after much reasoning, at last convinced his hearer that the workmen could keep up better with some cooling beverage made in the home. The practice was never renewed on that farm and this man, with his wife, were ever the firm friends of Mr. Shinn.

A strong ambition was calling the young minister to plant Universalism in his native state — to build a church in memory of his mother was a great desire. He has described how he left Gaysville in these words: "I took the stage at seven o'clock in the morning, for I could not bear to say good-bye, but the people were lined up all along the main street. At every house the family

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was outside, waving hands, and some weeping, as I passed. I felt so sad and forlorn, I almost gave up and went back."

Later, when settled over a city church in an hour of depression, he wrote thus: "Oh, that little society up there among the hills, how its people spoiled me! Will I ever find such friends again?"*

It was in 1872 that he returned to West Virginia, and of his own initiative, to engage in missionary work.

In his own home village, Shinnston, he spoke a number of times and at many points near-by. Contrary to the old rule it soon became apparent that here was the prophet *with* honor in his own country. He made numerous converts. Concerning one of these he has left this interesting record: "The only sister of my father is 'Aunt Emily Martin,' and she is the one who, when I left home to study for the ministry, wept and prayed, asking God to show me the light and turn me from that dangerous doctrine. Two years later she says, 'Thank God, I have found the

* His pocket diary of the years at Gaysville notes many a first experience. Among them, the first time he presided at the communion service, and on Sunday, July 16th, 1871, occurs this entry: "Of all days this is to be remembered as the most happy; I baptized thirteen little children." In later years such services often occurred, the last one but a few months preceding his death, when he baptized the little daughter of Mr. J. B. Halfacre, of Newberry, South Carolina.

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light.' Sunday she rode horseback over the hills seven miles to my meetings, then she rode back, making fourteen miles. I rode by her side. For a woman of her age, seventy-five, and she is very fleshy, to perform such a feat on horseback is considered remarkable, but she ascribes it all to her Universalism. On another evening, when I spoke in Shinnston, she walked over a mountain three miles to the service. She said to the friends that it was her faith that enabled her to do it, — yes, the same faith she once despised and did her utmost to overthrow — when, like thousands, she knew not what it was. She has two sons, both strong Universalists."

He made an earnest endeavor to found a church in the city of Wheeling, but it was uphill work. The contrast between that city and village he had left, between being a stranger, surrounded by an indifferent populace in the one and the beloved pastor and townsman in the other, burdened even the strong heart of this ardent prophet. Northern friends appealed to him to return to New England. For a time he resisted, but at length, attacked by a genuine homesickness, he yielded. He came to Massachusetts, and for some months was in the employ of the Universalist Publishing House. For about a year he supplied the pulpits at Tyngsboro and Dunstable. He then settled over the second church at Lynn and, after a three years' pastorate, went to Foxboro and Mansfield in the

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same state and took up the work there. At Mansfield he organized both a Sunday School and a church.

At the end of four years, 1881, he was attracted to Plymouth, N. H. The three and a half years passed in this village of the hill country provided an exodus for his increasing energies, "a way out" to the initiative of important undertakings which gave direction to his activities ever after. A new church edifice was erected at Plymouth; the celebrated summer meetings were inaugurated at the Weirs on Lake Winnepesaukee; a notable missionary tour of two weeks was achieved and, as reported, attracted general attention, and he was called to be a regular correspondent for the Gospel Banner, a Universalist newspaper, published at Augusta, Maine. Concluding his work at Plymouth, and after a few months at Rochester, N. H., he settled over the churches at Deering and Westbrook (then Saccarappa) in Maine, where he remained for four years more, building in the latter city a second beautiful church.

His success was now attracting wide attention, as the following letter will show.

Pasadena, Cal., Jan. 24, 1889.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn:

Dear Friend and Brother:

Your welcome letter to hand some days ago. I wish you would come out here at once. You

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are the man for this section of the country, as people here like live men and not drones.

It is possible a stand could be made at Los Angeles. Riverside has a nice parish already organized and Brother Deere who is in poor health would like to surrender the position. Then, there are Santa Anna and Orange, and also Preston where Miss Kollock * organized a parish which is chartered. The field is large with but few ministers at present. If you could come we could do a great work in various places. I am about changing my will and donating fifty thousand dollars to the State of California, thirty thousand to endow a theological professorship and twenty thousand for missionary and church extension work. No farther time for writing this evening.

Fraternally yours,
A. G. TROOP.

Within a few weeks of the date of the above letter an urgent call was received from the Universalist parish at Rutland, Vermont, which had a building project on hand and was in need of a trained helper to carry out the plans. This invitation was accepted and within eight months some six thousand dollars had been raised and a fine marble edifice completed.

In the fall of 1889 he moved to Omaha, Ne-

* Rev. Florence Kollock now Mrs. Crooker.

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braska, to further a movement inaugurated by the Rev. A. J. Patterson, D.D., of Boston and which was calling for a competent and experienced mind. The situation presented many difficulties, but these only added to the zeal and determination of the pastor and a temple of worship was erected and dedicated in the spring of 1891. This was his last pastoral settlement. From this time on he was in the field as a missionary.

As pastor and preacher for these twenty-one years, thus hurriedly reviewed, he met with uninterrupted success. The fields yielded their increase. There were no church quarrels. He made friends, and left his parishes in better condition than he found them.

It is, therefore, worth while to look for the sources of his power. First of all he had presence. Of good height, five feet ten inches, straight, of strong build, a genial face aglow with health and, impelled as he was by an overmastering motive, he arrested attention and aroused expectation before a word had been uttered. His voice was clear and resonant. As years passed and his habit of committing passages from the Bible continued he at length ceased to read his scripture lesson from the open book and recalled them from the treasures of memory. He began the lesson usually in measured reverent tones, rather low, yet distinctly heard, the utterance becoming more rapid and the articulation stronger as he pro-

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ceeded. He looked directly and pleasantly at his congregation and in effect there was more than a reading; it was an interpretation, almost an impersonation, for he seemed to partake of the individual whose words he was setting forth.

His prayers were brief and characterized by simplicity of language in which strength and tenderness blended.

As a preacher he was biblical; his printed sermons carry many quotations from the sacred page. To him the Bible was in all its teachings, visions and anticipations a Universalist book. A daily student of its pages he attributed much of his own power to that source. Alluding to this he said: "The successful minister gets his sermons warm and vital from the Book of Books. It is easy to neglect this study at a time when there are so many books, papers and magazines, but the preacher who is most familiar with the Bible, if he knows how to make application, gets best attention and is most able to deepen the religious life of his people. We make reverent, loyal Universalists, who cannot be turned away from their church, by vigorously impressing them with the faith that the Bible is a Universalist book."

He preached for a verdict; results were his aim. It is related that while in the Divinity School, having delivered a somewhat rambling sermon, he was asked by Dr. Fisher to state on what

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subject he had been preaching. He replied, "I didn't have any subject but I had an object and that was to show that Universalists have the best principles and that they ought to be the best people."

Persuaded of both the truth and the value of Universalism, the majority of his sermons were along denominational lines. Particularly in the later years, he preached almost wholly of the needs, duties, interests and teachings of his church. A great number of his sermons were distinctly doctrinal and here he was at his best. The contemplation of a world-winning faith stirred his heart, stimulated his mind and opened the springs of a passionate eloquence through which he poured his soul. At such times he was often vehement in denouncing the false, a veritable "Sun of Thunder," rushing onward to the conclusion of his logical processes. A tornado was abroad, and with a great noise defective trees were falling, while the sound ones, their branches waving, were tested to the very roots. But in a moment the storm had passed and he was beside the still waters. With voice as tender as a mother's comforting her child would come the trustful words of Whittier, his favorite poet:

"The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above.
I know not of his hate,
I know his goodness and his love."

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His sermons on Universalism rank with the very greatest produced by our Church and it is a misfortune that these are left in such fragmentary shape that they cannot be reproduced.

Another source of power was in his faithfulness to the pastoral relation. To the making of merely perfunctory calls, where health, wealth and joy abounded, he was not given. In truth, he seemed ill at ease in such places, as though, not being needed to bring about improvements, his time was not properly employed. By natural instinct he sought out the troubled, the tempted, the bereaved and the poor. The humanitarian impulses of his boyhood now came into full operation and everywhere were people to whom he had brought "beauty for ashes."

Some ministers patronize the gymnasium for needed exercise. Exercise came to him by sawing wood for the needy woman, hoeing the garden for a rheumatic neighbor, taking an invalid to ride or the young on trips to fields, forest or lake to study the bounties and the beauties at the heart of nature.

Limitations and critics he had, as have all strong men, yet in general he was not only esteemed by his parishioners but attached them to his life by indestructible ties.

Among his effects are many mementoes of endearment from individuals, Sunday Schools, churches and other organizations. Books, pic-

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tures and other articles came to him but never a costly cane nor even one plain walking stick. Such a gift would have been incongruous with his elastic step and abounding vigor.

On his desk, where this chapter is being written, there lies — quietly now — a combination pencil, pen and penholder of gold and ebony, carried by Dr. Shinn for many years, that tells of an old-time appreciation near the beginning of his ministry. Close by is a silver loving cup inscribed, "Presented to Rev. Q. H. Shinn, by scholars of the First Universalist Sunday School, Gaysville, Vermont." A gold medallion, on which is carved the outline of the church he erected in Westbrook, testifies of tasks well done, while his beautiful gold watch was the gift of the parish at Deering.

Among the records of the years which are abundant, for Mr. Shinn kept a daily diary always and his scrapbooks looked after by Mrs. Shinn have been unusually economical, there are found numerous accounts of parties, surprises, excursions, receptions and banquets in his honor. Many are of great interest and had elaborate setting forth in the newspapers. As representing all of these whether of poetry or of prose, a selection from one of the poetic gleanings is given. It accompanied the gift of the watch presented by friends at Deering and was printed in the *Christian Leader*.

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DEAR PASTOR.

The moments that have flown away,
With precious word and joyous song,
Have left an echo in our hearts
That future days shall treasure long.

Yet, we would add a golden link
To mark the hours that circle fast,
A token of our earnest wish,
To clasp the future with the past.

Dear pastor, teacher, take the gift,
And with it, too, our gratitude,
For kindly deeds and tender words,
And full outspoken love of good.

For fearless speech against the wrong,
Howe'er opposed by wealth and might,
For aid in every noble cause,
For brave upholding of the right.

Accept it, then, with many prayers
That strength and joy may crown your days,
One cause, one truth shall hold us still
Through changing hours and varying ways.

From among the great number of congratulations sent by appreciative ministers is this one.

57 Lefferts Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

June 29, 1891.

Dear Brother Shinn:

The "Universalist" has just come in with the picture of your new church glorifying its first

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page. I congratulate you upon the splendid, even phenomenal success. Such facts in the history we are making thrill me beyond speech and I know you have borne a heroic and sometimes almost martyr-like part in setting us upon the track of such enterprises. You have your reward, not only in the satisfaction of a good conscience, but more and more in compulsory recognition of the correctness of your contention that pluck and sacrifice will produce harvests in the Universalist church, as well as in any other. Do I need to say that on that platform I am ready to stand with you for the success of the future?

Your brother,
C. ELLWOOD NASH.

CHAPTER V.

IN FIELDS AFAR.

IF the missionary, like the orator, must be born not made, then Quillen Shinn was a born missionary. His missionary spirit was asserted while he was in the Divinity School at Canton. During his first pastorate at Gaysville, Vt., he formed a church organization in the old parish at Barnard and preached at various points in the Green Mountain State. At the conclusion of his settlement in Gaysville, when he returned to West Virginia for a year's trial of the way and the work of the missionary, it was at his own charges. In his later parishes there was often complaint that he was ever spending time and energy in out of the way places, ministering to the isolated or trying to arouse the indifferent and attempting to accomplish the impossible. After his tour among the people of northern New Hampshire, in 1882, written up under the title of "Eight days in the Saddle," he was officially appointed the missionary for the northern part of that state while still pastor at Plymouth. Between the close of his work in this parish, January 1st, 1885, and his settlement at Deering, Maine, he paused at Rochester, N. H., for four months, reviving the work and settling a pastor. His vacation seasons

had been marked by journeyings south and west, preaching tours always, and he had held in suitable groves or by the lakeside several summer meetings.

The annual assemblies begun at the Weirs, Lake Winnepesaukee in 1882, grew in importance and soon a plan for extending the faith and also arousing the whole church took definite form. It was a two-fold vision, first, of a propaganda for church extension in fields afar; and second, of great Summer Chautauquas with eminent speakers to stir, to unify and to quicken, whereby the religious life should be deepened and the missionary spirit developed at the denominational centers of strength. The first made him the traveller, pioneer and seed sower; the second, the educator, organizer and inspirer. The one brought him in touch with the weak and the needy, the other with the strong and the resourceful, and he appeared as the mediator between them. It was an undertaking of great merit even of statesmanship and of vast possibilities.

His endeavors as a missionary traveller, free from pastoral responsibilities, began in the autumn of 1891. Of the new work and all it signified he wrote as follows: "This is what I love, for nothing brings more joy than proclaiming afar the good tidings of a world's redemption. To be sure, there are disadvantages like absence from home, irregular and uncertain study hours and only a

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few books can be read. However, there will be compensations. Inspiration will come from other volumes. The book of Nature, of Human Nature and the Book of Books will be studied more. Contact with these should give fresh fervor, and a diviner strength: and more uplifting hours with the good Father may also be enjoyed. May my life receive more from that great Being whose thought I am permitted to read, glowing ever before me with the impress of eternal love."

He went to Iowa, Minnesota, Kansas, Missouri and other states of the West and later on traversed the Southern states as well. No denominational body had commissioned him to go forth. No convention or committee had voted to back up his efforts with funds. He was self appointed or may it not be said, divinely appointed:

Friends of wealth and generosity co-operated, as they had done in promoting the summer meetings, and he was often called "The Weirs' Missionary." His correspondence with Universalists of large financial resources, treasured among his effects, tells many an interesting story. Some who had given encouragement, and from whom much was hoped in financing the new endeavors, did not assist, as expected, for various reasons. Keen disappointment sometimes resulted. One letter will be representative of several.

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THROOP UNIVERSITY.

Pasadena, Cal.,
May 3rd, 1892.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn,

My very dear Friend:

Your welcome and interesting letter of the 26th ult. received and read with interest. I thank you for your congratulation of my University work. Had the church work been started at San Francisco, as was proposed, I should have enlisted in that instead of the University and, had our former plans been seconded instead of opposed, we would, by this time at least, have a church well under way, if not finished. I thank God that we have one bold and aggressive minister who dares do something himself and trust to Providence for results. My means and hands are now tied by the University, hence I have a great load to carry, all that I can well attend to, and my means are limited for that purpose. Faith and work, however, will accomplish wonders.

Fraternally yours,
A. G. THROOP.

The University mentioned in this letter came to be called The Throop Polytechnic Institute, now a noted institution at Pasadena. The Universalist money expended there was worthily employed, but had it been bestowed for church extension, as at one time intended and as Dr. Shinn

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had been advised it would be, Universalism on the Pacific Coast would have been greatly advanced.

For the most part these old letters tell stories of cheer and of outpouring helpfulness. One from "an elect lady" must stand for the score of others from such honored sources as Mr. Albert Metcalf, J. W. Anderson, Hon. H. B. Metcalf, Hon. Lattimer Ballou, Mrs. Eleanor P. Townsend and others.

Newton, Mass., Mar. 30, 1894.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn,

Dear Sir:

You will see that I enclose a check for two hundred dollars because I wish to do it now and because I feel you really need it and that it will be well employed. I must not do anything more in the money line except to redeem my pledge to you and send you the remainder of the two thousand dollars by September 1st, 1894. Perhaps, it will be all for the best to foster the enterprises already on their feet, the best work for the present that can be done. I share in all your anxiety and desire to answer the pressing calls which come to you and certainly, as far as I shall be able, mean to assist; but the task seems an impossible one. So it will be a great thing to strengthen the roots of the trees already planted and leave the seeds thrown broadcast to take on



MRS. MARY T. GODDARD.

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form bye and bye. You have done and are doing blessed work, but your Heavenly Father is leading and he will only place obstacles where he wishes you to stop. May you receive abundantly of the wisdom which cometh from above.

With respect and esteem,

Your sincere friend,
MRS. MARY T. GODDARD.

In 1893 the National Young Peoples' Christian Union elected him to be National Organizer. In deference to that action his activities took on some new features in a service freely rendered. He formed many local unions as opportunity offered, secured subscribers for the Young Peoples' paper "Onward," advanced the missionary funds and inaugurated the Post Office Mission with Miss Minnie M. Lott of Philadelphia, Secretary, Miss Grace F. White of Boston, Librarian, he being the President. Through this agency many leaflets and books were circulated and several branch libraries were stationed at different points, one being at Atlanta, Ga. This was but an extension of what he had long been doing himself individually. In 1902 he wrote, "I never start off without a pocketfull of tracts and I distribute them in all the cities along the way. I furnish names of isolated believers to whom friends in the East send their church papers after reading them and I secure new subscribers every

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week. It is possible to make large use of the daily papers and to turn them into 'black missionaries' for our cause. By getting in touch with the editors I have our principles, and faith often before the public; my meetings are reported, and selections from the strongest doctrinal sermons that I know how to preach also appear."

Higher official recognition and honor came to the missionary in 1895. In January the Trustees of the General Convention elected him to be the General Missionary for the denomination, at a salary of three thousand dollars, and in June his *alma mater*, St. Lawrence University, conferred on him the title of Doctor of Divinity.

While his relation to the General Convention had changed, his field and his methods were as before. He ministered in the country and in cities, large and small. He did work in Duluth, Minnesota, in Dubuque and Des Moines, in Iowa, in Kansas City, Missouri, Spokane, Seattle and Tacoma in Washington, in Portland, Oregon, in San Francisco and Los Angeles, California, in Houston, Beaumont, Dallas and Fort Worth, in Texas, in Birmingham and Brewton, Alabama, in Pensacola and DeFuniak Springs, Florida, in Atlanta and Americus, Georgia, in Little Rock and Driggs, Arkansas, in Columbia and Newberry, South Carolina, and scores of other places in the states named and in Kentucky, Tennessee, North Carolina and elsewhere.

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In some of the places he was the very first to preach Universalism and in most of them took the first steps toward permanent organization. Sometimes he had names in advance of Universalist families in the cities entered. Often it was otherwise and he came friendless and unknown. His methods were essentially the same in either case. The steps were: a hired hall or perhaps a room in the Court House that would cost only the janitor's fee, a sign of cloth or other bulletin telling of the meetings to be, interviews with the city editors of the daily papers, and, if possible, a write-up of the faith and work, and also a notice that he could be found at a certain hotel where visitors would be gladly welcomed. A good supply of circulars scattered through the city completed the preliminaries.

The first service usually without music would have the scripture, the prayer and the first one of a course of distinctly doctrinal sermons. A book for registering names helped toward acquaintanceship at the close of the service, when ushers and an organist would be secured for the next night's meeting and every one would be sent away with a leaflet to read, and cards to circulate in the endeavor to win an increased attendance.

When the course of sermons ended, something would be "organized." If it could not be a regular church in form, it would be a Young People's Christian Union or a Sunday School, or,

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more often, a Ladies' Aid Society. These were admonished to be loyal and persevering, being assured that a church home would follow where such virtue preceded. Generally, he would secure a vote to start a building fund of a thousand dollars and for that would contribute the first dollar. In Atlanta, Ga., where the Ladies' Society pledged to raise such a fund, he, as usual, started it with the gift of one dollar and the writer of these lines, who became the first settled pastor, had the pleasure of personally contributing the final dollar which rounded out the full thousand and thus redeemed the pledge.

When possible the missionary arranged for stated services, weekly or monthly, either a Sunday School, a Young People's Christian Union or public worship. Of all this Dr. Shinn wrote as follows: "You can never plant anything and set it growing without organization. With me the kind of organization depends upon the material at hand. After a series of well-attended services, I found we had opportunity for a Sunday School and at the close of the Sunday morning service, we organized the school with eighteen members. We found a good superintendent and also the necessary officers and teachers. Why not organize Sunday Schools all over the land, in every town, city, hamlet and country place, where live two or more families of our faith? We ought to start a thousand Sunday Schools at once."

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Repeatedly he urged that a settled minister was not a necessity at the first. No money was at hand for his salary for one thing, and another consideration was that the parish would be benefited by taking on the first responsibilities in full. One person or more than one he would put in charge as conditions might determine. For their use Dr. Shinn furnished an order of service, a collection of hymns and suitable sermons for the reader.*

By this method a Sunday School and service of worship were continued to the good of all concerned for over a year in Birmingham, Ala., and like experiences were reported from other points. Writing of his new movement in Portland, Ore., under date of January 14, 1893, he says: "The Sunday School started the latter part of April, 1892, with seven members, now has forty-two, pays for its own literature, the hall rent and has laid by seventy-one dollars. This fine work in Portland demonstrates my faith that Universalists everywhere can be gathered and organized and set to definite tasks for their own faith, for here is the worthy item that must not go unmen-

* Dr. Shinn often expressed the wish that a bureau for furnishing an order of worship, hymns and sermons might be established and the leaflets regularly supplied to pastorless missions. This desire has, with some added features, been worked out by Rev. Charles Conklin, D.D., in a most helpful method known as "The League of Two or Three Together."

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tioned. At the close of the Sunday School every Sunday the friends remained and held a service, a sermon being read by one of their number. Thus it is demonstrated that churches can be established without a regular pastor. Other denominations do it and so can we. I ought to believe this when I know of twenty-four places besides Portland that are doing it. I believe many of these movements are stronger today than they would be had a pastor been with them from the beginning. They have developed self-reliance and personal power which manifests itself in continual faith and hope."

There is no record found of the number of members which Dr. Shinn received into church fellowship, but in 1897, ten years before his work ceased, he reported over one thousand. Of the church and mission organizations which he started no list has been discovered. In 1895, however, he stated that "about fifty had been begun with an equal number of Sunday Schools." The church edifices, large and small, including parsonages, erected under his immediate leadership seem to have been thirty-five, while more than a score of parishes in addition received his assistance in raising funds or securing a lot on which to build.

To his influence can fairly be given, also, the credit of twenty-nine additions to the Universalist ministry by way of students, sent to the Theological Schools and of converts from other de-

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nominations. He travelled between twenty-five and thirty thousand miles a year and had preached in every state of the Union and in most of the provinces of Canada. During the winters he frequently averaged a sermon a day for months. His reports were regularly printed and one of them is here given:

Report of General Missionary for September, 1898.

Sermons preached as follows:

Charleston, West Virginia.....	2
Buchanan.....	1
Grafton.....	2
Suffolk, Va.....	1
Woodington, N. C.....	5
Clinton.....	2
Red Hill.....	1
Mountville, S. C.....	4
Irving, S. C.....	2
Columbia, S. C.....	2
Addresses.....	9

Total 31

Church members received.....	16
Distance travelled (miles).....	2480

Received by collection.....	\$ 44.50
For Professor Smith's salary.....	10.00
Pledges for Mission Work.....	190.00

Total \$244.50

Attended three State Conferences, West Virginia, North Carolina and South Carolina.

Plans made for a new church at Woodington.

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Visited the colored school in Suffolk, Va. Industrial classes will soon be organized, one in sewing and one in cooking.

Q. H. SHINN.

Of his first efforts while starting the church at Little Rock, Ark., Mr. Josiah H. Shinn has told how his own household, though of another faith, responded to Dr. Shinn's appeal, secured a place of worship, circulated notices and worked up a congregation. And he adds this interesting account of that service:

"Withal, he was a fine preacher. He had an excellent flow of language and was entirely familiar with the Bible. In fact, he had the Bible largely in memory, and won his audiences by reciting Scripture rather than reading it. The doctrine he preached was new to most of his hearers. Prejudice had made it unorthodox but it was orthodox through and through, as he preached it.

General Armistead, one of the great men of Arkansas, whose inclinations were all Episcopalian said: 'Why, Dr. Shinn, that is the most comforting doctrine I ever heard. Almost thou persuadest me to be a Universalist.'

His personal magnetism equalled his goodness of heart. While demolishing the endlessness of punishment, he never failed to impress on sinners that there was no escape from punishment.

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Two citizens met after one of Dr. Shinn's sermons on hell and the following conversation occurred:

'Good morning, John, I saw you out last night.'

'Yes, James, I was there. The learned doctor wiped hell clear off the map.'

'No, I don't think so. He seemed to me to make a lot of new hells for transgressors, but he sure did knock endless hells into a cocked hat. I agree with him. To punish a man forever and ever for forty or fifty years' sin is like hanging a man for stealing a stick of candy. The punishment does not fit the offense.'

Thus one great man in a strange city started waves of thought that will go on forever."

Like the proverbial course of true love, the pathway of a national representative of the Church does not always run smoothly. The best and the wisest of minds do not necessarily agree on matters of principles or practice. In the very nature of things a percentage of Dr. Shinn's undertakings did not succeed. As of old, some seeds fell by the wayside. Some fell on stony ground and some among the thorns. From these the returns were meager and often apparently wanting. Impatience over this fact sometimes hid from view conspicuous achievements, and the question came up at Conferences and elsewhere, whether the methods of Dr. Shinn were not faulty

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and if a readjustment of his office would not be wise denominational action. In a jest, that was half serious, he was once called "The Grasshopper Missionary," whose stay was so brief at any point as to make permanent results impossible.

As a step toward conserving more fully the interests of the Church and after long contemplation, the new office of "General Superintendent" was decided on by the General Convention and the Trustees were instructed to secure someone for the position. The duties of the new officer were thus defined: "He is to supervise the spiritual interests of our Church and to promote its prosperity, by using his influence to stimulate the zeal and activity of our people, to secure unity and continuity of action on the part of our parishes, to remove causes of disaffection between pastors and parishes, to favor the appointment of State and District Superintendents, to help pastors in their difficulties and, so far as possible, to utilize all our ministerial forces, that our Church may do its share of Christ's work in the world." As later summed up: "Arbiter, Advisor, Conciliator, Inspirer."

The Rev. Isaac M. Atwood, D.D., was chosen for the position and entered on his duties January 1st, 1898, leaving the position of President of the Canton, N. Y., Theological School, which for twenty years he had filled.

There was no conflict either between the offices

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of the General Missionary and the General Superintendent nor the men who filled them. This fact attests the Christian graces of both, for their duties overlapped, their territory was the same and their relation to each other was not defined. But the circumstance gave ground for inferring that the office of Dr. Shinn was esteemed of less importance than before and, in the interests of economy, might, perhaps, be dispensed with. Late in 1899 the Trustees arranged with Dr. Shinn to direct his energies to the Southern field for nine months of the year and to utilize three months for promoting the Summer meetings and for work at certain other points. And from February 1st, 1900 he was "The Southern Missionary."

At the General Convention held in Washington, October, 1903, there was an earnest endeavor to abolish the office of Southern Missionary with a view to re-arranging the field work, the plan being to send forth a financial secretary, who, with the General Superintendent, should be able to better accomplish the immediate needs. As the discussion proceeded the believers in Dr. Shinn and his methods felt uncertain, for a short time, of the outcome. When, however, the delegates from the South told their appreciative stories and Dr. Shinn had briefly set forth the facts of the situation, those who had advocated a change were visibly and favorably affected. The climax came when one of Dr. Shinn's converts, Rev. Athalia L. J.

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Irwin, in fervid eloquence delivered a memorable address, called attention to the things attempted and accomplished, made a plea for co-operation instead of criticism and ended with an appeal that stirred all hearts, winning an applause, which amounted to an ovation, for the speaker and for the man whose cause was so ably championed. As if to make assurance doubly sure, Dr. Shinn, a little later, called from the congregation the Southern delegates, many of whom he had won for the Church and some of them to its ministry, and headed by the venerable "Father" Clayton, they appeared upon the platform where, amid generous cheering, they were heard in brief addresses. It made up a tableau in demonstration of Dr. Shinn's triumphs, unique and never to be forgotten.

From that time forth the office and the man were more than ever strongly intrenched, and the esteem and love of the denomination for Dr. Shinn continued without interruption. He was often called "The John Wesley," and sometimes "The St. Paul" of the Universalist Church. The endurance, comprehensiveness and efficiency of all this field work, covering sixteen years, has had no parallel in the Universalist Church. As time removes us farther from Dr. Shinn and his endeavors, the greater do they appear. From the Washington Convention, above noted, it is good to listen even now to his noble words spoken on that occasion:

"We may start movements that will fail, — Oakland, California, failed, — but Rev. Asa Bradley is here and so are Rev. F. W. Small and Rev. Lucy Milton. These three came from the Oakland Church. Some years ago I received into the Church at Santa Paula, California, a little boy and told him he would be a minister. He is now the Rev. Bernard C. Ruggles, pastor of the first church I ever built, Plymouth, N. H. The Spokane, Washington, mission gave us Rev. Geo. C. Baner. A few week-night meetings, in an obscure hall in South Carolina, gave us Rev. Mrs. Irwin. Only two of the thirty churches I have built are wholly inactive.

"The Universalist Church, organized by our Divine Master in Jerusalem, is not living today, but the truth he planted is alive. The churches Paul started in Antioch, Ephesus and Philippi seem dead, but who will say Paul's work was a failure? Our greatest need is a vaster investment of love and consecration which will flow out and kindle the world; send life and warmth into every wilderness where hearts are aching, because un-comforted by the joyful message God has given us to spread."

CHAPTER VI.

SUMMER MEETINGS.

"THE groves were God's first temples," and grove meetings in the summer season have always been enjoyed by Universalists. They have been held in various parts of the country, notably in the Southland, where they were common under the leadership of the Rev. Drs. D. B. Clayton and John S. Burruss, nearly half a century ago. Courses of sermons were delivered in the piney woods lasting several days, the hearers coming from a wide region, driving long distances in covered wagons of the "prairie schooner" type and bringing along the whole family.* Sometimes the occasion would be marked by a discussion with a minister of another faith and this would attract great crowds of listeners. Such out-of-door debates are not yet unknown. In Mississippi, near Ellisville, in 1905, Rev. A. G. Strain was for two days engaged in such a contest, and a Universalist Church now stands near the spot in testimony of his triumph. In Indiana Rev. Marion D. Crosley's "Basket Meetings" in

* The State Conferences and Conventions of the South have often been held in groves. The writer has repeatedly attended them and has seen members of the congregation who had driven fifty, seventy-five and even a hundred miles with a mule team over the rough country road.



SCENE AT THE WEIRS.



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groves or by the waterside attracted large attendance in the early seventies, and similar meetings were held in the State of Maine and elsewhere. It remained for Dr. Shinn, however, to place the grove meeting on a new basis, related to the denominational life as a whole, and mark it with persistent endeavors for the extension of the Church in missionary fields.

It was in 1881, while Dr. Shinn was in Plymouth, N. H., that he assisted the Rev. H. S. Fiske in a course of grove meetings at West Rumney; impressed strongly by the helpfulness of such gatherings, he visited, in August of that year, The Weirs on Lake Winnepesaukee and spent a day in study of the Unitarian Meetings then in session. Of this occasion Mrs. Shinn says: "It was a pleasant meeting. The singing was led by a cornet and, as we sat down, Dr. Shinn seemed in deep thought and I knew that some matter was taking a strong hold of his mind. As we left the grove he said with great fervor, 'I am going to hold a meeting here next year, and I will get a thousand people to attend. I am going to give our people, who are scattered about, a chance to hear some of our great preachers.'"

Before the snow had disappeared in the spring of 1882 arrangements were practically complete, speakers and musicians engaged and a contract made with the officials of the railroad. He says, "It seemed that the only way to make such a

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meeting a success was to have our ablest ministers on the program. Experience has confirmed this judgment. As soon as the preliminary circular was issued, letters began to pour in from New England and the Middle States and even the far West. Then I named it 'The National Universalist Grove Meeting.' Under the words "Definite Purpose," he goes on to say, "I wrote as follows: 'The objects of these summer meetings is three-fold; First, to bring the workers of the Universalist Church together from all parts of the land that they may get acquainted and encourage each other for the great work which must be done by our Church. Second, to afford people of other communions and those without church relations an opportunity to hear correct expositions of that Creed which expresses more faith in a perfect God who will not be defeated, than all other creeds of Christendom. Also to kindle and enthuse the indifferent of our own church. Third (and this is first), to awaken our people to a sense of their opportunity and obligation as the Disciples of the most uplifting and glorious faith ever written; to electrify them with an ambition to enlist in an aggressive missionary campaign which will result in planting churches throughout the West and South, even from the Atlantic to the Pacific.'

"In a word the pre-eminent object of the National Summer Meetings is the generation of missionary power.

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"August 4, 1882, arrived. I had engaged quarters for the attendants, at hotels, boarding houses and farmhouses. The evening before the meeting opened all rooms were full and additional rooms secured in a building belonging to the Methodists.

The first meeting in the beautiful grove owned by the Methodist Camp Meeting Association was held at 10:30, August 4, 1882; the first sermon was preached by Rev. A. G. Patterson, D.D. It was an uplifting message. A praise meeting followed in the afternoon and then another great sermon was delivered by one of the most eloquent preachers of the Universalist Church, the Rev. E. C. Bolles, D.D." Among the names of other eminent divines heard at that initial meeting are recorded those of Rev. Drs. A. A. Miner, J. M. Pullman and A. B. Hervey, and an address was delivered by a layman, the Hon. Joseph Kidder. The singing was made a prominent feature and the very first program has this item, "The Sankey of the Universalist Denomination, Mr. Stanford Mitchell, will be present and thrill the audience with his solos." The names of both Mr. and Mrs. Mitchell appear on many of the programs in after years. The missionary spirit, which Dr. Shinn had said should be first and last, was in evidence as this item from the records will indicate: "All were under the spiritual uplift of the marvellous sermon that had come pouring from the great soul of Dr. Pullman.

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There and then Dr. Patterson began a canvass for a missionary offering to be made for the Church at Plymouth. How much did the people give that day? Two thousand dollars."

The good cheer, in addition to the real accomplishments, gave assurance of the value of such gatherings. The name of the lake, Winnepesaukee, which means, "the smile of the great Spirit," had been justified in results, and the second meeting, held August 2-5, 1883, had the characteristics of the first. The noted author of two well-known books, "Theology of Universalism" and "Over the River," the Rev. Thomas B. Thayer, D.D., delivered the opening sermon. Lakeside socials were introduced and marked the beginning of what was much extended in later years, on the side of physical recreation. The missionary offering which was turned over to Dr. Shinn for the furtherance of his work was over one thousand dollars.

Of the fascinating story of the meetings held through succeeding years only a little can be here presented. The few days' duration of the earlier meetings lengthened into weeks as the years passed on and their usefulness increased. There was ever the combination of work and play. To please, to refresh and to edify the individual, and through the individual to vitalize his home Church and so win congregations to the larger helpfulness in extending the common faith was Dr. Shinn's

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endeavor; as he once phrased it, "I agitate in order to re-create, to elevate and to consecrate."

Each year, while evincing the same spirit, generally had a feature by which it was remembered, and sooner or later every denominational interest was considered and benefited. A few gleanings from the records disclose how enjoyments were related to endeavors and how these summer services united center to circumference in denominational activities. Of the noted excursions to mountains and lakes the first one came in 1884, at the conclusion of the meetings, when over a hundred joyous travellers visited Mount Washington. A year later those who made the trip numbered two hundred and thirteen. An important laymen's meeting, the first of many, was held this same year, presided over by Hon. M. P. Frank of Portland, Maine. The same season shows steps taken toward giving methodical instruction to Sunday School workers. In 1886 a pleasant exercise was the ordination of Frederick W. Betts to the Universalist ministry, the Rev. Dr. E. L. Rexford delivering the sermon. Fourteen states were represented in the meetings that year.

During the years 1887-1889 there was considerable agitation throughout the Church in behalf of a national organization of Universalist young people, the leader in the movement being the Rev. Stephen Herbert Roblin, D.D., then of

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Bay City, Michigan, who was ably seconded by the Rev. Albert C. Grier. Dr. Shinn was in full sympathy with this movement and The Weirs program for August, 1889, announces "A Young People's Day" and that "the Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt will be in charge." In October of the same year the National Young People's Christian Union was organized at Lynn, Mass. His summer meeting of the following year and for many years thereafter had a Y. P. C. U. Day as a prominent feature.

The relation of The Weirs meetings to the young people's work was the same as to every worthy advance movement in the denomination. It furnished the forum for communicating ideas along every line of helpfulness. In 1888 Rev. Dr. Henry W. Rugg, who may be called the leader in promoting the Universalist Mission in Japan, was at The Weirs pleading for the movement in behalf of that foreign mission. In 1889 he was again heard as was also the Rev. Dr. J. H. Chapin in an illustrated lecture on "The Sunrise Kingdom." The missionary offering of the same year is set down as seventeen hundred dollars and was turned over to Dr. Shinn in behalf of the work in which he was engaged at Rutland, Vermont, and Omaha, Nebraska.

The meeting of August, 1890, is spoken of as the greatest meeting up to that time, and a large sum of money was raised for missionary purposes

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though the amount is not stated. Dr. Shinn makes record that he then met for the first time Mrs. Sarah Clark and Miss L. W. Stevens of Hornell, N. Y., on whose invitation he visited that city, helped organize a parish and later on erect a church edifice. The missionary offering at the meetings of 1891 were devoted to the new church at Woodsville, N. H., where the Rev. Dr. Marion D. Shutter had been to assist Dr. Shinn in promoting a movement. That year Dr. Shinn began his work as a general missionary. The year following he reported on what had been accomplished in the Western cities, and at the conclusion Rev. Geo. W. Bicknell called for the annual missionary offering which amounted to over twelve hundred dollars. In 1893 the post-office mission and a circulating library, as noted in a preceding chapter, were organized, and the valuable work which was accomplished thereby related The Weirs meetings to hundreds of localities in every part of the country. The Mission Church at Woodsville, N. H., was dedicated, a special train running from The Weirs, carrying Drs. Atwood, Conger, Nash, Rexford Hall and many of the laity to the dedicatory service. The report of Dr. Shinn's work between August, 1892 and 1893, showed that he had travelled 26,500 miles, organized five parishes, four Ladies' Aid Societies, four Young People's Christian Unions, six Sunday Schools, one State Conference; that he

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had two churches ready for dedication with two other buildings; that two additional building lots had been purchased at other points, and that the pledges he had secured for various purposes amounted to over twelve thousand dollars. By the help of passes on the railway, a privilege which ceased with the year indicated, he had kept his travelling expenses down to about five hundred dollars, while his receipts to apply on the same are mentioned as two hundred and thirty-seven. He had received from the treasurer of The Weirs meetings, to meet his expenses and for a salary, two thousand seven hundred dollars.

The missionary spirit is mentioned in the records as having been especially noticeable in the meetings for 1894, and it is added that "Rev. Dr. Geo. L. Perin made an appeal for a large missionary offering and the response was most generous."

A New Hampshire Day was celebrated in 1895, with special features, while the missionary offerings were to apply to the building funds for Kansas City, Mo., and for the support of the Colored School at Suffolk, Va. It is noted, too, that all the money necessary to buy the land and erect the building for the colored school was raised at the summer meetings.

The missionary feature of the 1896 meetings was the collections to pay the salary of a pastor at Tacoma, Wash., which are mentioned as reaching a total of nine hundred dollars.

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From 1898 to 1900, inclusive, the summer meetings were held at Saratoga, N. Y.; this change was caused by the unwillingness of the Methodists who controlled the grounds at The Weirs to allow longer their use for Universalist purposes. The Saratoga meetings, while reported as well attended and helpful, were not marked by large contributions to the field work. Addresses there delivered were printed in a volume under the title "Good Tidings," and made a valuable addition to Universalist literature. The book was compiled by Dr. Shinn and contains one of his discourses.

It was with much joy that he discovered the delightful grounds on the Atlantic Coast at Ferry Beach, Maine, to which he transferred the meetings for the summer of 1901, and where, with increasing interest and benefits, they have since continued.

An Educational Day appears on the program for the first time in 1901, also a Ministers' Institute, and over forty ministers were in attendance. A Children's Day is likewise announced, while Sunday School and missionary features were as prominent as before, and so the meetings went on helpfully till the year 1906, when the twenty-fifth anniversary of their founding was celebrated. A hotel had been erected, many tents were scattered about the grounds, old friends returned and it was an occasion of great joy with felicitations over the

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past and new plans for the future. The Ferry Beach Park Association was formed and a plan outlined for making it a permanent Universalist Chautauqua. Altogether it marked a triumphant epoch in the career of Dr. Shinn and no one then thought that it would be the last time they would meet him under the stately pines by the seaside.

It is seen by this brief survey that the work of Dr. Shinn's summer meetings has greatly affected the Universalist denomination as a whole, and this chapter cannot be closed without listing the names of some who responded to his call and co-operated in his endeavors.

Of singers and musicians, in addition to those already mentioned, are the Schubert Ladies' Quartet of Boston, the Lilhatansu Quartet of Milford, Mass., The Utica Ladies' Quartet, the Apollo Male Quartet of Bangor, Maine, the Every Day Church Quartet of Boston, Mrs. J. A. Hicks, organist, Mr. Paul H. Shinn, violinist, and Rev. S. P. Smith, soloist.

Of readers and entertainers the records make mention of Miss May Crawford, Sadie F. Lamprell, Mrs. Lucy Sibley McGlauflin, James E. Murdock, Mrs. June S. Shaw, Miss Lotta A. Jones, Miss Vida Billings, Miss Edith Kinne and Miss Ruth McClure.

The list of clergymen who were heard at these summer meetings, many of them repeatedly, makes up a roll too long for this book. However,

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it is fitting that some of the co-workers should have their names appear, and to those already mentioned are added a number found in a list made by Dr. Shinn: Rev. Drs. I. M. Atwood, John Coleman Adams, Frederick W. Betts, Geo. W. Bicknell, Henry Blanchard, Lorenzo D. Case, Everett L. Conger, Charles Conklin, J. H. Chapin, Marion D. Crosley, W. S. Crowe, G. L. Demarest, Chas. H. Eaton, Ransom A. Greene, Almon Gunnison, Frank Oliver Hall, Charles A. Hayden, Rodney F. Johonnot, Effie McCollum Jones, Gideon Isaac Keirn, John Clarence Lee, Joseph K. Mason, Lee S. McCollester, William H. McGlaufflin, Charles Elwood Nash, H. R. Nye, Geo. L. Perin, James M. Pullman, Thomas Edward Potterton, Ira A. Priest, Willard C. Selleck, Marion D. Shutter, Jacob Straub, Edwin C. Sweetser, Vincent E. Tomlinson, H. W. Thomas, H. W. Rugg and George S. Weaver.

Of editors and writers: Rev. Isaac J. Mead, Rev. Drs. Frederick A. Bisbee, George H. Emerson and O. F. Safford. Other ministers who assisted as lecturers, preachers or helpers in various ways: H. S. Fiske, F. A. Gray, T. W. Illman, F. L. Leavitt, W. H. Morrison, Thomas B. Payne, Henry R. Rose and E. W. Whitney.

Of the laity the following are mentioned as having rendered helpful service: Hons. M. P. Frank, H. W. Parker, P. T. Barnum, H. B. Metcalf, Ara Cushman, A. T. Foster, Moses Hum-

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phrey, Henry Stoddard, E. F. Endicott, Pres. A. W. Pierce, Mr. J. C. Freeman and Gov. Sidney Perham.

Among the more prominent women: Mary A. Livermore, Mrs. Mary Whitney, Rev. Ada C. Bolles, Rev. Florence Kollock Crooker, Miss Belle McDuff, Miss Jennie L. Ellis, Mrs. Jane L. Patterson, Mrs. C. E. Randall and Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby. Of the officials, that through the years were Dr. Shinn's right-hand men, those who acted as secretaries are his son, Edward L. Shinn, Miss May Crawford, Rev. H. F. Moulton, Rev. C. E. Lund, Rev. H. L. Canfield and Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt. Of the treasurers, Mr. Matthew Cheney served for thirteen years, and on his friendship Dr. Shinn relied implicitly. He was succeeded by Mr. R. T. Morse who served for six years and who was followed by Rev. O. Howard Perkins.

Among those who most generously contributed year after year for the summer meetings so grandly undertaken, the first large giver was Robert Fears of Gloucester, Mass.; Mr. J. M. Anderson of Salem was another constant benefactor, and Gen. Olney Arnold and H. B. Metcalf of Rhode Island, Albert Metcalf of Boston, Ephraim Claflin of Milford, Mass., and Ira Calef of Vermont are all written in Dr. Shinn's honor roll of helpers, along with those of Mrs. Mary T. Goddard and Mrs. Eleanor P. Townsend of Illinois whose gifts were continued while life lasted. Dr. Shinn makes

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note that there were others who had rendered timely assistance in many ways.

The relation of the summer meetings to the denomination at large through the field work of Dr. Shinn, and by way of eminent representatives, clerical and lay, had an importance far beyond that indicated by tabulated facts and figures. Many a worker never at the meetings found his task made easier by simply reading the story of things undertaken and achieved.

The following letter from a watchful colleague in the ministry who had never met Dr. Shinn puts in words the sentiment of many:

Albert Lea, Minn., Nov. 14, 1892.

Dear Brother Shinn:

Your work and letters so stir my soul that I must send you greetings and all hail! You are at once our Prophet, Statesman and Inspirer! Your last letter in the *Gospel Banner* ought to be set to music. I think you should be accompanied in your field work not only by the invincible agencies of our prayers and blessings, but by the outward assistance of a flag and a band of music. How like an athlete you would wave that banner! I hope some time to meet thee face to face and give thee personal greetings as a nineteenth century spiritual hero. God bless you abundantly is the earnest prayer of

Yours most cordially,

A. A. THAYER.

CHAPTER VII.

THE EXTRA MILE.

"WHOSOEVER shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain," said Jesus. The compulsion of duty is one mile. The liberty of consecrated love is two miles. Quillen Shinn never asked, "Where does my duty end in extending light and joy and life;" he asked, "How far may I go with the good news of the kingdom?" He was ever travelling the extra mile. This is shown by what he did in behalf of an educational evangelism in several directions.

I. MISSION TO THE COLORED PEOPLE.

The Rev. Edwin C. Sweetser, D.D., pastor of the Universalist Church of the Messiah, in Philadelphia, received into the fellowship of that organization Mr. Joseph Jordan, a colored man of good ability and character. Zeal for his new faith impelled Mr. Jordan to soon begin a mission work in Norfolk, Va., his home city. In the spring of 1889 he was ordained to the Universalist ministry in Dr. Sweetser's church, in Philadelphia, and was the first colored man to receive such ordination.

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As arranged by Dr. Sweetser, Mr. Jordan delivered an address before the Universalist General Convention at Washington, D. C., 1893, in which a plea was made for a mission to the negroes in the South. The result was that \$2,651.00 was soon pledged, and Norfolk was determined on for the undertaking, Mr. Jordan being put in charge. A building was erected to serve as a meetinghouse for Sunday worship and as a schoolhouse and industrial center on week days. September 18, 1894, Dr. Shinn preached the first sermon in the new building, not yet ready for dedication, and organized the first colored Young People's Christian Union. It was dedicated November 14, 1894, Dr. Sweetser preaching the sermon.

Mr. Jordan proved a trustworthy and wise leader of these people, gathered a considerable congregation, a Sunday School and soon reported a day school of nearly a hundred children. An assistant was added later in the person of Mr. Thomas Wise, a convert of Mr. Jordan's, who, in due season, was also inducted into the Universalist ministry. Mr. Wise found time to preach in Suffolk, a city thirty miles to the South, where at an earlier day he had taught school. There was an encouraging response and soon a movement was under way similar to that in Norfolk. The failing health of Mr. Jordan, which terminated in his death, June 3, 1901, seriously interfered for

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a time with the success of the work, especially at Norfolk.*

Sanguine that Suffolk presented opportunities for a useful mission, Dr. Shinn encouraged that undertaking. In the summer of 1897 he raised at The Weirs Meeting something over \$500.00 to apply on erecting a school building, secured fifty dollars from the Woman's Missionary Society of Massachusetts and many individuals responded to his appeal. The building was erected in 1898, while Mr. Wise was in charge. Dr. Shinn was present at the opening of the new structure, of which visit he says: "The building on a corner lot excellently located is a wooden structure of two stories. It is owned by the General Convention and is the best school building in the city. The plan is to have some industrial features as well as intellectual training. The girls will be taught to sew and cook, the boys instructed in the use of tools. Colored children need this industrial training. The building will be open every day in the week for the above purposes.

"At our Sunday service, which can hardly be called a dedication, Brother Wise led the singing, I did the rest. After the sermon I ordained a Deacon, a custom among the negroes, and gave

* Mr. Jordan left, by will, property to the value of \$1200 to the Universalist General Convention. After long litigation it has been transferred to the Convention and will be applied to the Universalist work in Suffolk.

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fellowship to several influential workers as associate members. The collection followed, and, as is the custom, the people came to the front, passing by the pulpit and placing their offerings upon the table.

"I remained over the next day to witness the opening of the first session of the school in the new building. The Suffolk Mission now has a place of its own for Sunday worship, Sunday School, Young People's Christian Union and the business of the week days."

Mr. Wise was soon being assisted by another convert to Universalism, whose name, oddly enough, is Joseph Jordan, but of no kin to the one of the same name before mentioned. Before the death of Mr. Wise, this second Mr. Jordan, well equipped for his work, having been trained in a negro college and also having taken a course in St. Lawrence University, came into full charge in the year 1904.

By combining the interests of the Norfolk Mission with that at Suffolk and concentrating his endeavors at this point, the institution organized and fostered by Dr. Shinn has done an excellent work. It has a good corps of teachers. More than fourteen hundred pupils have received instruction since the school was opened. There are some fifty families connected with the parish, a Sunday School of forty, while the enrollment in the day school, above two hundred, overcrowds

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the building. A plan is on foot to enlarge this structure and so increase the usefulness of the mission by the introduction at an early day of the industrial features outlined at first by Dr. Shinn.

II. THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL COLLEGE.

The difficulties under which Dr. Shinn gained his education, together with his love of knowledge and a realization of its value, combined to make him a zealous advocate of intellectual training. He travelled in remote districts where school-houses were few, and untaught children were many. He wrote, "Everywhere I have found poor boys struggling for a start in life, just as the great majority of successful men and great men have before struggled; for the truth is, great men have generally laid the foundation of their characters in the school of adversity. Here is great encouragement for poor boys. Surmounting obstacles gives strength of character, and character is at the bottom of all true success. It is not smartness, shrewdness or business talent so much as integrity and courage that is needed. To encourage young people who may think their lot a hard one I am giving a lecture where I travel, entitled 'Poor Boys.'"

In the rural districts of the South he saw pressing educational needs and for years was searching for a way to help. His first step was

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in the year 1897, when he proposed an "Evangelistic Training School" for young men who might desire to become Universalist ministers. He had found several who were unable to come to our Divinity Schools of the North, and the thought was to furnish them instruction in the common branches, add to this the theological education necessary, and at the same time give an opportunity to earn enough money to pay their way.

By such a movement he hoped to accomplish two ends. First, to secure to the Universalist ministry young men fitted therefor by endowment and desire, and to provide for them the essential training. The "training" proposed was not merely that of studying books and passing examinations in the classroom, it was to include regular endeavors in applying to life Universalist principles by evangelistic methods.

Schools of Divinity, as a rule, did not allow their students to preach, exhort or instruct until they had been in attendance a year or two at least. Dr. Shinn proposed to reverse this plan and to have the members of his school teach, exhort and preach as a most important part of their training, so that when examination time came and judgment was to be passed on the fitness of one for the ministry, it would not depend so much upon what he could *remember* from the printed page, as upon what he could *do* among the people. The question

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would be: "Can he gather and hold a Sunday School class, or win a hearing in a hall? Can he clearly inform and strongly convince a listener of the truths of Universalism? Was his heart aglow with the spirit of the Master whereby he could bring blessings to needy souls?" Here was to be the place of emphasis as outlined in the plans of Dr. Shinn.

In the Second place, he hoped by the movement to gain ministers practically equipped for the rural churches of the South. Too often the Southern boy, who went to the Divinity School in the North, at graduation was incumbered by a disturbing debt and felt the necessity of securing a larger income than could be met by most of the churches in the South. So, he would settle in the North. Under Dr. Shinn's plan there would be no debt, and while the young prophet would start out with less scholastic information, he would have passed a testing by experience which would give assurance of ability to be a shepherd for one of the many waiting flocks in his own South country. Shepherds, rather than scientists, pastors and not philosophers were what Dr. Shinn proposed to send forth.

Of all this he counseled with the minister of the Universalist Church in Atlanta, Rev. William H. McGlauffin, won his favor thereto and willingness to co-operate, and the whole matter was laid before the Trustees of the General Convention at their

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meeting in New York, January, 1898. The minutes of that meeting read in part:

“Concerning the proposal to open a theological class in Atlanta, Georgia, the following resolutions moved by Dr. Nash were adopted: Resolved (1) that Dr. Shinn be authorized to solicit contributions to the amount of \$1000.00, the same to be applied as one year’s salary to Professor Richard M. Smith, Ph.D., for engaging in the training of candidates for the ministry in the South. (2) When the salary of \$1000.00 had thus been subscribed, the Missions Committee is instructed to employ Dr. Smith for one year to do the work above indicated, said Committee to exercise general supervision over the work.”

In pursuance of this action some days were spent by Dr. Shinn in Atlanta among the business men, talking up the plans, looking for possible positions in stores, factories and railroad stations for the anticipated students. So much encouragement was received that a building formerly used for a private school and connected with a dwelling house was temporarily rented. Dr. Shinn raised Rev. Mr. Smith’s salary and he was engaged to become a teacher, and under the plan was to serve also as assistant to the Atlanta pastor, who in turn was to share his time with and have the immediate direction under the Missions Committee of the proposed training class.

But the vision changed. For as the idea grew

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upon him, Dr. Shinn concluded that it would be better for the young men to work elsewhere, than in the city; on a farm, in a shop or mill where there would be fewer distractions. As it was his plan to send his young ministers into the country districts it seemed to him that they should be trained among the country people, making their early endeavors as Universalist evangelists in sections where their afterwork would continue. He also decided that it was possible to create an institution which should not only train for the ministry, but afford as well an opening for boys wishing to gain equipment for the secular affairs of life, its trades and business, and where they too should be allowed to pay their way by the work of their own hands. In conjunction with Rev. Lyman Ward the South was canvassed. Conventions there passed favorable resolutions, gifts of land, money and other forms of wealth were made and much enthusiasm aroused. Under date of October 5th, 1898, this appeared from the pen of Dr. Shinn: "Our Southern School! It has been our hope and dream. Now it is a reality. Yesterday I was introduced by Professor Smith to address our first Universalist School in the Southland. It opened September 21st at Camp Hill, Alabama. Twenty-five years hence I expect to visit a great industrial college in this land, a thrifty, prosperous and well established institution, the joy and pride of every Southern Universalist."

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The first catalogue of the Southern Industrial College (as the school was named) states: "Realizing the need of an industrial school in the South, it is our desire that said school shall be established at once to fit young men and women for the work of life, whether in manual training or in literature and art. We desire further, that a theological department shall always be maintained for the training of young men for the work of the Universalist ministry. It is our purpose to give to the children of this generation, and all succeeding generations, the privilege of the best culture and broadest religion known to men. Believing in the goodness of God, and that his requirements are to do justly, love mercy and walk humbly with him, we shall maintain such school for ourselves and our posterity. The institution proposed shall be established on the following condition: 'The religious and political liberties of the students are not to be infringed upon.' "

Dr. Shinn notes with joy a resolution passed that "No teacher shall ever be employed in this institution who uses intoxicating liquors or tobacco in any form."

Of the officers Dr. Shinn was the president, Rev. Lyman Ward the secretary, and there was a Board of Trustees from various parts of the South, eleven in number. The first catalogue shows an enrollment of about fifty students.

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Many difficulties, however, arose which had not been foreseen. As in every enterprise different men had unlike views of procedure. The ideas of Dr. Shinn were not carried out, and as he was engrossed in many affairs demanding all his time and strength, he deemed it best to withdraw from all official connection with the organization.

This turn of affairs was a deep disappointment, but the Institution attests his interest in the promotion of learning; and so long as it shall continue to aid the young in gaining an education, so long will it be a testimony to the zeal and sacrifice and love of Dr. Shinn in whose brain it was planned and by whose leadership it was established.*

III. THE FIELD LETTERS.

In 1882 there appeared in "The Gospel Banner," under title "Eight Days in the Saddle," a number of letters telling of Dr. Shinn's missionary experiences in Northern New Hampshire. Later these letters from his pen were a regular feature, and after some years appeared each week in The Universalist Leader and The Universalist Herald. In entering upon this method

* The resignation of Dr. Shinn with that of some of the Trustees was incident to a change of methods whereby the Theological Department was discontinued. Details of the re-arrangement were published in The Universalist Leader in June, 1901.

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of publicity, he stated, "I am asked to become a regular contributor to 'The Gospel Banner' and the only regret I feel is that caused by lack of time. It would be a delight did I not have so many other responsibilities on my hands. For I must always write in a hurry and hence mistakes and faulty composition will appear. I have, in fact, no time to be an acceptable correspondent for the newspaper. Too wide extended and arduous are the duties of my missionary endeavors. My letters lack unity as I mix in a good many things, but then I aim at variety and when I digress I shall always come back for there is ever a definite object before me."

His letters appeared in the papers named, with great regularity for a quarter of a century. They were written while travelling on the railroad train, on the steamer, by the roadside, at the midnight hour in the hotel, anywhere and at any time. It is the testimony of Rev. Dr. Bisbee, editor of The Universalist Leader, that of all the correspondents of that paper, no one sent in more neatly prepared manuscripts than did he. These letters gathered in scrapbooks make up four large volumes and from them one could gleam a fairly complete outline of the doings of the Universalist Church for the years which they cover. For they are comprehensive, touching on all phases of life and withal vigorous in style, abounding with graphic imagery and on the right side of every

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moral issue. Thousands of people, in reading the denominational papers, turned first to the mission field letters of Dr. Shinn, and through them his ministry was greatly extended.

How this man, writing an article a week for the denominational papers and oftentimes another for the daily press, carrying on a large personal correspondence, travelling from five to seven hundred miles a week and averaging for months at a time a public discourse every day, could find the hours of freedom necessary to compose and write out a book has caused many an exclamation of astonishment. He left in completed manuscript ready for the printer a work entitled "The Optimist" which would make a volume of five or six hundred pages. It is a story which interweaves his three well-known enthusiasms — Universalism, temperance and patriotism — in developing personal and civic righteousness and bringing, in ever enlarging measure, the mastery and the joy of the kingdom of God.

CHAPTER VIII.

CITIZENSHIP.

ARDENTLY devoted to the extension of his church and faith, Dr. Shinn never lost sight of his civic duties. His love of country was intense and any law or custom that was known to injure the community or any habits that depleted the health, usefulness and joy of the individual were opposed, not alone on the grounds of religion, but also through the behests of patriotism.

The great significance of American citizenship was taught him by the experience of army life. The lessons thus learned he repeated around the campfires of the Grand Army posts where veterans gathered after the war was ended. For some years he was the Chaplain of the Post at Lynn, Mass., the largest one in the United States, and later was the Department Chaplain of Maine. And he told his comrades that, though one war had ended, there were other battles to fight. He pointed out that the conflict which devastated the nation was the result of national sins, greed, oppression and slavery; that these were not the faults of the South alone, for in the beginning and establishment of slavery, the country as a whole had been involved. Just as that sin had brought ruin to the whole country, so he repeatedly

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affirmed it would be of any form of unrighteousness in which the people, as a whole, should share.

Inevitably he was an uncompromising foe to the saloon and the whole liquor traffic; to fight them was his duty as a citizen, even if he were not a Christian. These stirring words show his attitude: "When I was a boy with my mates, I slept on my rifle under the dear old flag in my Virginia home to guard that flag. I marched under it from the beginning to the close of the war and I saw it float in triumph at Appomattox. My love for the flag was shot into me at Winchester and starved into me at Belle Island. God forbid that that flag should, with my consent and sanction, protect the saloons in this country instead of our homes."

The sentiments thus expressed developed in due time the resolute reformer along several closely related lines; they took him into the membership of the Prohibition party; made him an advocate of Woman's Suffrage and of Prison Reform and played an important part in his unrelenting opposition to the death penalty. In the winter of 1898 Dr. Shinn transferred his membership in the order of Good Templars to the local lodge at Atlanta, Georgia. The night we received him, addressing a largely attended open meeting he said: "William E. Gladstone (England's Grand Old Man) has affirmed that the liquor traffic causes more poverty,

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disease and crime than war, pestilence and famine combined. Are we not, therefore, called on, as good citizens, to fight that evil with unceasing warfare? The drink curse is a national sin and debility the exact opposite of that righteousness by which a nation is exalted. The law of God is against the whole liquor system and so should be the laws of men. The lesson of Castle Garden is that all the world is looking to America to furnish a better civilization than has been found elsewhere. We owe it to those who come to us from other lands and certainly to our own American boys and girls to forever outlaw an iniquity more destructive to life than war, pestilence and famine.

"A fourfold force is necessary. The first is personal, the force of the individual will, expressed in a pledge of total abstinence. I signed the pledge when a boy of sixteen. I have always been glad of it. Both my mind and emotions were stirred that day and acting at their best, as is usually the case, when the pledge is taken; and it is what we decide when at our best that should determine action at all other times.

"The second force needed is social, the force of association of play and work and discussion together. This re-inforces the will, promotes courage and makes the battle less difficult. The Good Templars and other like organizations develop this force.

"The third force needed is political. We must

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fight the drink curse at the ballot box because the curse has itself gone to the ballot box. Let us vote as we pray, no matter if that shall put us in another political party, for principles must be *first*, along with patriotism; party considerations are of secondary importance.

"The fourth force needed is domestic, the force of the home. The wife and mother are greater sufferers from the drink curse. Out West I heard it said, 'This is a good country for men and horses, but hard for women and oxen.' Pioneer life is hard for women because of the prevalence of drunkenness; give the ballot to the women of the land, and, while some may be so weak and others so wicked as to vote in favor of rum, the vast majority will be in favor of that which helps to keep the son and the husband sober, manly and noble. I am glad that Susan B. Anthony, the grand leader for equal suffrage, with a Quaker ancestry in part, had a Universalist father who refused to allow ardent spirits sold in the store that was patronized by the laborers of his factory."

At his summer meetings the infamy of the legalized saloon was frequently emphasized and Dr. Shinn's personal opposition was heralded from pulpit, platform and press. For some years, immediately following the meetings mentioned, he managed a temperance assembly at Sebago Lake in Maine. There he introduced noted speakers, among them the "father of the Maine

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law," Hon. Neal Dow, Mrs. L. M. N. Stevens, now the President of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union, and others.

Dr. Shinn was in touch with the leaders of the Prohibition Movement, among them John P. St. John, John B. Finch and other nominees for the presidency by that party, and he urged when told that he, year after year, was throwing away his vote, that the only vote ever thrown away was the one that threw away the conviction of the man who cast it; but every vote counted when it entered a plea for protecting boys from temptation and homes from ruin.

On two occasions he refused in the presence of the congregation to serve wine at the communion table: Once in West Virginia, where he was to preside at the service; and again at Bethel, Vt., where asked to assist as a deacon, he consented and had gone forward, but when he found fermented wine was being used he left the table and took his seat.

The motto which reads "Discretion is the better part of valor" was not a favorite with Dr. Shinn, nor was it followed.

Because of this he sometimes jeopardized his own cause and not infrequently wounded the feelings of his friends. On one occasion he narrowly escaped assassination. It was during an exciting prohibition campaign in Omaha, where he was a worker at the polls in one of the worst

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precincts of the city. In the violent discussion and correspondence which followed a letter from his own hand will give the salient facts.

Omaha, Neb., Nov. 11, 1890.

Mr. Chas. A. Coe,
Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir:

I have carefully examined the account in the New York Voice, referred to in yours of yesterday. I was not instrumental in sending the message and would have given some of the details differently. As to the insults I received and the intolerant Ku Klux spirit manifested by the mob including the officers of the law, I think the account in the Voice is altogether too mild.

I was first seized by a man who said, "you can stay here no longer." But I stood firm, resting in a false security, for I supposed, should violence be resorted to, the three policemen present would protect me; but a few moments later a policeman himself pulled me away, saying I had no right there and that it was against the law, and from the angered drunken crowd, as he pulled me along, a slug was hurled, but, aimed too high, it struck my hat. Then you appeared and informed me that you were treasurer of the Business Men's and Bankers' Association, and instead of saying to those wretches, "Let Mr. Shinn alone, he has a

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perfect right here, and instead of appealing to the policemen to protect me in my right, you joined in declaring that I was violating the law, had no right to distribute ballots in that ward, etc. I protested and then came your warning that it would not be safe for me to stay, upon which I appealed to you to protect me. The Deputy Sheriff, who had been sent for to arrest me, came, marched me away, repeating the accusation of the brutes at the polls, that I was violating the law. But you live in the same ward where I reside, viz., the 9th and what right had you there if I had none? Those drunken men were carrying out the program of the Business Men's and Bankers' Association, for the three wearing Personal Rights League badges, who claimed authority to stop every Prohibitionist from voting or distributing ballots, had been trained for their work and of course paid for it. The more I thought over these diabolical methods to prevent an honest ballot, the more intense was my indignation and therefore I said to you, I don't blame those men, they are only carrying out the spirit of your Business Men's and Bankers' Association. It was then that you used profane language, said you would like to thrash me if you had time, accused me of ingratitude because you had saved my life, for you said those men would have torn me into pieces in fifteen minutes, had you not protected me; and I think you were right,

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as this was the spirit which prevailed at all the polling places in the city. I will say that you did not *lead* the mob of two hundred, but you did come among them with apparently the same spirit which they manifested. I am humiliated to think that this could have happened in our land of boasted law and political liberty. I would not do you an injustice and for the protection you gave me, I thank you.

Respectfully yours,

Q. H. SHINN.

The relations of the saloon to the race track and both to gambling called from Dr. Shinn this philippic, and it explains his oft expressed antagonism to "grab bag" and other chance schemes sometimes employed at church fairs.

"In violation of the Golden Rule and Paul's admonition, 'Provide things honest in the sight of all men,' the spirit of gambling is in the atmosphere our children are compelled to breathe. Everywhere, men are inventing schemes for 'getting something for nothing.' In Memphis now for several weeks the flood gates of sin have been wide open, because the 'races' have been there, the saloon and all its pernicious evils are made to flourish, the accompaniments are vile, filling the atmosphere with pollution — gambling, betting and dissipation. The worst elements are drawn to these carnivals of crime. Devotees of

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greed and lust, men and women of the basest sort congregate, coming from long distances to throng these dens of immorality. The coarse and besotted jostle decent people on the street and breathe out poison to be filtered through the minds of youth. Bloated, red-faced toughs and roughs and thugs are to be seen everywhere, and with them the gambler. It is amazing that good people will tolerate and professed Christians patronize these pestilential shows, knowing too how their debasing currents insinuate themselves into the very sanctuaries of home and school and church."

As Dr. Shinn believed that the tobacco habit perverted the taste, poisoned the body and was the first step toward tippling, his hostility thereto whether of chewing, smoking or snuffing was unrelenting. By this opportune moral suasion he induced many to abandon the use of the weed, among the converts being several ministers.

His much talked-of resolution against ordaining to the ministry those who used tobacco was introduced to the General Convention at Worcester, Mass., 1891, where, after discussion, it was adopted. It reads:

"Whereas: The tobacco habit is an enormous evil, the mischief flowing from it being incalculable, not only on account of its waste of money and injury to health, but because of its pernicious example to children and youth, causing our boys

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at an early age to begin a habit, usually by the use of cigarettes, therefore:

"Resolved: That we recommend that all ordaining Councils in our Church require candidates for the ministry to be free from the use of tobacco."

(Adopted.)

Of it he said: "Religion, good citizenship and personal cleanliness are necessary parts of one whole, the Christian life."

And with the temperance reform Dr. Shinn associated also as a patriotic duty a better treatment of prisoners. He thus explained it: "The legalized saloon is a criminal making agency, for the great majority of criminals are addicted to strong drink. Why, then, should the State take revenge on the victims of its own institutions? In all fairness, it ought to help up those who have been pushed down, instead of wreaking on them its vengeance."

A visit to the Elmira New York Reformatory, then under the management of Mr. Z. R. Brockway, re-inforced Dr. Shinn's convictions of the necessity of a new and better penology. He soon became a member of the National Prison Association, and with its leading officials he had a large correspondence, much of which is preserved. He attended several of the National Prison Congresses and at New Orleans, Jan., 1899, he was on the program as a speaker. In these Congresses the duty of the State to the weak and the wicked

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was urged, while a latent good to be found in the apparently most depraved was often confidently asserted. Instances were recited of how, under the operation of the Merit System, the Indeterminate Sentence and the Parole, many a convict had been restored to society, not only a safe citizen but a potent factor in human betterment. And here the result of civic duty coincided with Universalist theology. Commenting on the Prison Congress held in Indianapolis in 1898, Dr. Shinn wrote: "About one hundred and fifty members were present, among them some women engaged in prison work. One of these women, who has wisdom to apply her faith and see its result, is a noble Universalist, Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, Supt. of the Mass. Women's prison.*

The meeting opened with addresses by Gov. Mount, the Mayor of the city, and responses thereto, and the annual address of the President of the Congress, the greatest reformer of the age, Z. R. Brockway. To look at him is a benediction. The faces of General Brinkerhoff, Chas. Dudley Warner and of many others were full of

* Mrs. Johnson was a member of the Columbus Avenue Universalist Church, Boston, and was ever loyal to her faith. Her fame as a second Elizabeth Frye was world-wide. For fifteen years she was the superintendent of the Reformatory Prison at Sherburne, Mass., succeeding Miss Clara Barton, also a Universalist. Mrs. Johnson filled this position up to the time of her death which occurred in London, England, June 27, 1899, the day after making her great speech before the Women's Congress on "The underlying principles of prison reform."

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an indefinable richness. We went in a body to the Presbyterian Church and heard a sermon which shattered and threw away Presbyterian theology. We heard that men are wicked but not worthless, corrupted but retaining a spark from God, the ruins themselves giving evidence of the dignity of man. And then the sermon led to the grand Universalist conclusion that there are no incorrigibles. Chas. Dudley Warner said in his address: 'Mr. Brockway has found no incorrigibles and Warden Thayer, of Dannemora, N. Y., said he had in one year promoted from the class of so-called incorrigibles, sixty-nine to a higher grade, and added that in his prison of over a thousand, he has reduced the incorrigibles to seven.' The Roman Catholic Bishop said: 'Vindictive punishment never made a pupil better in the school, and I do not believe anyone was ever improved thereby.' And so the prison congress is affirming practical Universalism."

With his system of thinking of course capital punishment, as practiced in many states, was inconsistent and was vigorously assailed by Dr. Shinn. Aroused that some of his ministerial brethren had expressed favor of such punishment in certain cases, he wrote: "Only a believer in endless torment hereafter can consistently uphold the doctrine of an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, murder for murder now. The same principle underlies the two doctrines, the prin-

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ciple of revenge, vindictiveness, retaliation, evil for evil, the barbarous principle condemned in all the teachings of Christ and graphically so in his Sermon on the Mount. Advocates of endless woe in the hereafter are coming out strongly against the death penalty; they are inconsistent in one direction, while Universalists who come out in favor of that penalty are inconsistent in the other. That five Universalist ministers out of twenty-four should vote in the Boston Ministers' Meeting in favor of this brutal, degrading, heathen, monstrous custom is astounding."

In 1897 Dr. Shinn read a paper at the Universalist General Convention on the "New Penology." At the conclusion of his paper he introduced the following, which was adopted:

"Whereas: The reformation of the criminal classes is the only permanent protection for society and all prisons should be conducted on reformatory principles. We recommend that all our people, especially our ministers, be requested to engage in all measures designed to secure improved penal legislation and prison management. Whereas: The prison associations of the country have set apart the fourth Sunday in October as Prison Sunday, we recommend that on that day or on some more convenient Sunday, appropriate services be held in all our churches, and that every pastor be requested to deliver a sermon on prison reform, thus imparting information to his people

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and awakening an interest in behalf of this great question so vital in the Universalist system of teaching in regard to punishment. We recommend that a commission on penology and capital punishment consisting of five members be appointed by this convention to serve four years, whose duty shall be, *First*, to correspond with prisons and prison associations, governors, judges and the various state legislatures, especially of states needing improved penal laws, thus exerting an influence to arouse the better sentiments, secure more humane measures in favor of the unfortunate people whom we should remember as being 'bound with them.' *Second*, to get information touching this work before the people of our Church, through the press and denominational papers to the public in general, to the end that a more healthy sentiment may be created."

The following he also presented and it too was adopted: "Resolved that we, the members of the Universalist General Convention, declare ourselves opposed to the death penalty and we recommend that all Christians use their utmost influence and every legitimate means for its abolishment and the substitution of some form of punishment in harmony with the spirit and teachings of Christ that looks to the reformation of the criminal."

A vote of thanks was given Dr. Shinn for his splendid collection of facts, and he was made the

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chairman of the committee on penology, which was appointed by the convention.

Not a mere theorist in either religion or reforms was Dr. Shinn. He was always the warm friend and helper of the wayward and the unfortunate. To illustrate a life habit, let one of a thousand instances serve in concluding this chapter. It is part of a field letter written from Texas.

"Having spent Christmas with a nephew and brother-in-law and their delightful families in Lampasas I came out to Brownwood and waited in a hotel for my train on another road. A man with delirium tremens was there; his agonies were terrible to behold. He had several times been put to bed, but his groans awakened some of the guests and he had been put out into the hall. I secured wood and did what I could to keep him warm. At times he thought he was in jail; then that he was about to die; then he would weep because he could not go back to his wife and son and two little daughters; then he imagined that he must go and see a dreadfully sick patient who was calling. From this I knew he was a physician and I afterward learned that he was one of the most skillful doctors in the State of Texas. I remained five hours and when I got him quieted, being left alone with him, he told me many things. He was a man of wealth and had been highly respected by his fellow townsmen and now, poor

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man, a wreck and a ruin, because of the liquor fiend! How can professed Christians give their sanction and their protection to the infamous whiskey traffic, going into partnership with it for its promised revenues? Words are too weak to express the enormity of this sin."



DENOMINATIONAL LEADERS.

CHAPTER IX.

PERSONAL TRAITS.

LIKE the Ambassador for Christ in every age, Dr. Shinn was a man of great faith. He had attained to certain conclusions concerning spiritual verities and he held them in full assurance of their truth and value. As with St. Paul, Luther, Wesley and Murray, he evinced a militant spirit and may fittingly be called a Christian warrior. He was not afraid, he endured hardship like a good soldier; zeal, sacrifice and perseverance marked his pathway. Loyalty to his ordination vow and full fealty to his Church were never questioned. With unimpeachable integrity, faithfulness to every obligation, generosity for his cause, which meant constant denial of self, he had won the right by what he accomplished, as well as what he was, to speak frankly and earnestly on all matters that related to church principles or practice.

This right he exercised freely and at times with considerable vigor. A progressive in methods, but in doctrines a conservative, there was often a mandatory quality in what came from voice and pen, a touch of impatience sometimes, with those indifferent to manifest duties or in opposition to what he was endeavoring to achieve.

His sympathy for the hard working minister

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is well known; his voice, hand and purse were at the service of the worthy, but for a minister impure in thought and conduct, or disloyal to his church condemnation was quick and emphatic. He frequently criticized with some severity officials of our theological schools and ordaining counsels because men who later proved unworthy of their calling had been allowed to pass, but Dr. Shinn was himself several times sadly deceived by ministers whom he had welcomed and in whom he reposed full confidence. Of such he writes:

“There are men gifted in pulpit powers who are most unworthy ministers of Christ; people are deceived because they seem sincere, pious and good, pray so well, or preach with such remarkable ability. Alas how many of such, wolves in sheep’s clothing, have brought upon the master’s cause, an incurable blight. I lament that into our Church, which stands for honesty, purity, salvation from sin and wickedness, but not from punishment, such frauds have been admitted. A minister must be not only pure in heart but loyal to his trust and evince good common sense if he is to win souls to the kingdom.

“No longer should we disguise the fact that many of our young ministers are lacking in several essentials. First, they are not Bible students; they may know the higher criticism, they may study *about* the Bible and hear lectures *on* the

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Bible, but they do not give sufficient time to the study of the Book itself. Beautiful flowers they gather, but too far down the stream, too far from the fountain. A preacher's power depends largely upon his acquaintance with the spiritual treasures of the Book of books.

"In the second place, many of our young ministers do not preach Universalism; they preach evolution, or what they call the larger hope, or Liberalism. Neither of these is Universalism. I often wonder what they mean when they use Liberal Christianity as a substitute for Universalism. It needs defining. It may mean infidelity. It usually means nothing. It is a mirage. When we get to it it is gone. Brethren come down out of the vapors. Walking the milky way is unprofitable. Universalism is the great name and Universalist preaching is a great need in the Universalist church."

When debating the question of concentrating Universalist missionary and church extension work in certain central sections of the country, a speaker at the Boston Ministers' Meeting said: "In the past we have been scattering too much." Dr. Shinn took the remark as aimed at him and his endeavors, and this is his retort:

"If the declaration is correct, there is no lesson for us in Christ's parable of the sower, nor in the history which we have been making, for almost every church we have come from seed that fell

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in good ground from the hand of some brave pioneer sower, who 'scattered too much.' In Macon County, Missouri, we have four churches, two of them full of young people, all sustaining regular preaching and growing, and we trace it back to the sowing of an old missionary who 'scattered too much.' The Rev. E. Manford rode horseback down into Missouri and Kentucky, went where there were no Universalists and 'scattered too much,' yet nearly all the churches we have in those localities came from the seed he sowed. And so it is Father Andrews, Lake Burruss, Clayton, Billings and others have wasted their lives in the Southern States 'scattering too much,' but churches are springing up all through the South, as a result."

As a denominational leader, Dr. Shinn had vision, enthusiasm and aggressiveness. Identified with every important Universalist movement of his time — the mission to Japan, the Twentieth Century Fund, the Young People's Christian Union and others — he was ever planning new methods for furthering the faith. "A man," he says, "likes to wear a different suit of clothes occasionally, even if it be no better than the one exchanged, and it lends a little zest to activities if the work be done in new ways."

Developing this thought, he continues:

"Several times I have in fancy divided our country into sections and have thought of giving

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the different sections different colors, as symbols to be worked into badges and mottoes. It is a fond dream of mine, even a confident prayer, that we may make in the near future, four sections, as soon as the men with organizing talent can be secured; four sections — north, south, east, west, a missionary and a financial agent placed over each. With a Field Missionary caring for a section, the Financial Solicitor would have an object lesson to present so definite, direct and practical that all loyal Universalists would be kindled with a desire to forward the undertaking."

Dr. Shinn was far-sighted. The change in our National League of Universalist laymen, made at the convention in Springfield, Mass., 1911, faces toward the thought expressed by him a decade and a half before. The Brotherhood which he proposed was to be composed, first, of ministers who would pledge themselves to enter the mission field for a term of service, and secondly, of laymen who would agree to support them with moral and financial backing. Of the ministers for this Brotherhood Dr. Shinn remarked:

"I hope the organization may be completed at The Weirs Meeting, 1897. In the spirit of St. Paul, the members are to respond to every Macedonian call. Too long have we sent out the inefficient, the men who could not master. We must now have the most masterful men to go to the front. They must be free from vices, know how to

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organize, how to preach, believers in Christ, who love the faith and church; in a word — spiritual heroes.”

In like manner he anticipated a better organization for our Universalist women. It is the boast of Universalists that in 1869 the women of the Church organized what was known as “The Centenary Association,” this being the first national body of women organized in any Christian denomination in America. The immediate object of that association, raising money for the centennial celebration in Gloucester, Mass., 1872, having been accomplished, the name and the same laws and rules with some modifications were retained. For a number of years Dr. Shinn urged that the name should be changed so as to indicate the object which the body had in view, and thus avoid constant questioning and explanation. Touching this matter he wrote in 1892:

“Why not change the name and the policy and call it the Women’s National Missionary Association of the Universalist Church? This would indicate both the nature and the object of the body, and it would stand for all the missionary purpose and achievement of Universalist women. A constitution for state and local societies would, of course, be furnished.”

This suggestion was, a few years later, adopted and is now being carried on. For many years he advocated that sessions of our General Conven-

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tion should include a Sunday. In 1896 he wrote:

"It is my judgment that the sessions of our General Convention should hold over a Sunday. There would be three advantages: More time for the transaction of business; we could put ministers, our strong men, in pulpits of other churches, as our Y. P. C. U. at Jersey City did, and our General Convention would be generally known; attention from outsiders would be gained, and a moral influence would be exerted of great value to a people misunderstood as are we."

In 1911 the General Convention changed its long followed custom and continued over a Sunday with such increased usefulness as to gain the approval of all.

As a money raiser Dr. Shinn occupies a foremost place. First and last perhaps no one has ever raised as much money for distinctly Universalist Mission work as did he. He co-operated zealously to make successful every method adopted by the General Convention. When "The Cent a Day" plan was inaugurated, he vigorously applied it and was successful to a large degree. He believed to the last that given a cordial co-operation of the ministers, it would furnish an income for missionary purposes sufficient to finance great undertakings. Advocating the plan, he said:

"Let us figure out the wonderful possibilities of this system. You will be fascinated and quickened, if you will sit down as I have done and

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compute our missionary receipts and think of the churches we may build and the missionaries we may send forth into great undeveloped fields if each family will take that little box, which is a splendid ornament to the mantelpiece of any home, regal or humble, and drop a penny in it each day. And what would it yield? \$171,550.00 a year. Think of it and act on it."

Any honorable method was not beneath his endorsement if it would serve a good purpose in any particular locality. For one church he endeavored to secure a million cancelled postage stamps. A mission church it was in the far West which had an opportunity to dispose of the collection for \$50.00. In another instance it was a missionary quilt, for which he made an appeal, asking for names at ten cents each; and again, it was the endeavor to collect a mile of pennies.

For securing money in larger sums Dr. Shinn did much heart-to-heart work and many thousands of dollars came for his various enterprises as a result. On the platform, when raising money, his solicitation, while strong, was apt to be blunt and sometimes lacking in the sweet reasonableness which prospective givers often demand. This is a characteristic utterance:

"I want help and I ask for it frankly. Don't find fault, please, but give of your means, ye rich. Do you love your faith? Did you ever experience the desolation of living without religious sympa-

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thy? Don't complain about these movements I have started, they have cost you nothing so far, so you shouldn't find fault, but you should help me in the support of a good minister, that I want, to send out to take care of them; the man I have and your money, you should give."

The forensic vigor and conservative spirit of Dr. Shinn appeared frequently during the decade from 1887 to 1897, when the Church was agitated by the proposition to change its articles of faith. Rev. Edwin C. Sweetser, of Philadelphia, was the leading advocate in behalf of a re-construction of the Second Article which contains the word "restore." His argument was that the statement that God "will finally restore all mankind to holiness and happiness" implies that all mankind was at some previous time both holy and happy, which no Universalist believes. Replying to this and the objections of others, Dr. Shinn expressed himself as follows:

"I have received into the Universalist Church over a thousand members, including scholars, professors in colleges and men in nearly every profession and calling, and have never found one person who had any scruples about accepting our Winchester Profession of Faith. Our Church, therefore, has lost not one member in all the mission fields where I have been, on account of the creed, about which some of our ministers seem to have so much trouble. I think their difficulties

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are new inventions. The changes proposed omit the very things that are sublimest in our profession and which distinguish us from other churches. I am willing to substitute the word 'destiny' in place of the word 'destination' in the First Article. But when it is proposed to leave out the statement which says that 'God is love,' I am against it. For that is the grandest sentence ever written in a creed and the sublimest declaration in the Bible. In place of the word 'restore,' why not employ the word 'win.' No sentence was ever penned that states Universalism more clearly or strongly than this: 'God will finally win all men to holiness and happiness.' That sentence makes the best answer that can be given to the slander so often uttered against Universalism, namely: 'That we believe that sinful people will be saved anyhow.' I will not vote for a new creed, but I am willing to change a few things in the present one and omit the Third Article altogether. For, as the word 'duty' in the First Article implies the substance of the Third, which has provoked intense opposition, why not leave the Third out? The changes I suggest will do away with every serious objection made by Dr. Sweetser and all others who believe in the Christian religion. Ministers who cannot accept what I have indicated had better go somewhere else; I hope they feel free to. The Universalist Church does not need 'Liberals,' as that term is often used, for it frequently covers

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negation, unbelief and nonsense. 'Liberal Christian' is a term I do not use. I despise it because it usually means one who believes more in some heathen philosopher than in Christ. The only man I know as Universalist is one who takes that noble name without qualifying. Then the world knows where he stands, and that he stands for Christ as Lord and Savior."

That such utterances would arouse resentment was inevitable, but the writer cannot find that any friend was ever lost thereby. For Dr. Shinn was large hearted, and while the nobility of his character compelled respect, his sincerity, desire to serve and to bless were quick to heal any wounds caused by sharp expressions of tongue or pen, and so he was often more than a conqueror. He not infrequently won his case, and in doing so gained the deep friendship of his opponent.

In Auburn, Ga., in the summer of 1896, the writer was with him when he engaged the Methodist church in which to preach. At his own expense he had it swept, the lamps trimmed and filled, and everything in order, but two hours before the time of services, as advertised, word came that he would not be allowed to open the church. Undaunted, he at once secured the village park, lanterns and a couple of gasoline torches and hung them from the tree branches, persuaded the owners of a lumber yard to arrange seating, and with such an advertising as all this gave, he

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attracted a great throng of hearers. With characteristic unction, he prefaced his sermon with what had occurred, but so far from making enemies of the Methodists present that several of them came forward at the close of the service, expressed regret for the unfriendly action, and assured him of personal goodwill. A somewhat similar incident is explained by the following letter:

Waverly, Ala., Dec. 28, 1896.

Dr. Shinn:

On yesterday you came here to preach, a number of the good people from Camp Hill coming with you. You were refused entrance to the churches and also to the school building. In consequence thereof we feel that an explanation and an apology are in order. Those who refused you admittance to the school building had no right to do so; they being shareholders simply, as are many of the signers of this paper. We are very sorry for the discourtesy and deeply mortified that you and your congregation were forced to worship in the open air. We trust that you will not measure the fair-mindedness, the Christian charity, the hospitality of the common civility of our town by this isolated example.

Yours truly

This letter was signed by S. H. Holstun and sixteen others.

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Fortunate was the Universalist Church in having this masterful man as its representative in the field. In him his own mottoes were illustrated: "Cleanliness goes with Christianity;" "Holiness makes for Health;" "Helpfulness is Happiness."

In his sermon on "Use or Lose," his delineation of the blessings found in a right balance of the strenuous and the simple life, unconsciously portrayed his own personality — how a sturdy righteousness and a peace deeper than understanding were made to dwell together.

Of great self-reliance, vigorous and determined, he was, nevertheless, of a sensitive disposition and deeply wounded by unjust criticism. On the other hand, by merited words of commendation, which often came his way, he was cheered and blessed. This appreciation so prized in others was a common trait in his own character. Demanding much of those who held our great faith, and ready to remind them of their responsibilities, his words of praise were quick, when noble deeds appeared.

"My mind," he wrote, "is on those who give, while yet alive. There is the generous John R. Buchtel. How happy must he be every day, when his eyes rest upon the college of his love and the splendid church which his open hand made possible, both monuments to his generosity there in Akron, Ohio. While a pupil under Dr. Fisher

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(I bless his memory), I often heard him tell how St. Lawrence University at Canton, N. Y., was saved in an hour of peril by a generous friend. He was not permitted to give the name, but in a few years it came out, because it is impossible to hide away a good deed. And there is Mrs. Mary T. Goddard. Little did I dream that the woman who had done so much for our schools and churches would send me all over the United States and make me a missionary for life. Not only did she help in the expenses of The Weirs meetings, but in building the churches at Plymouth, Oregon, Westbrook, Rutland, Omaha, Kansas City, Spokane, Tacoma, Portland, Ore., North Hatley, Woodsville and all the churches in the South that were started before her translation. Moreover, until the General Convention engaged me as its General Missionary, she paid the larger part of my expenses in going to the Pacific Coast and visiting all my mission fields. She believed in this work, loving her faith better than money — regarding her wealth as a trust from God, and by her beautiful letters, inspired me to go forward.

“And all along when Mrs. Goddard was giving her generous aid and for several years after her decease, we had a faithful friend in Mrs. Eleanor P. Townsend, of Sycamore, Illinois. Up to her departure, she gave great assistance in all my work. In many emergencies I went to her and

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never in vain. Her bestowment made possible several of our country churches in the Southern states, and her letters gave courage, coming constantly to the toiler in the oftentimes lonesome field."

For the minister who directed his footsteps to the theological school in preparation for his life work, after more than a quarter of a century had gone by, Dr. Shinn wrote a tribute of love which contained these words:

"As for Rev. Andrew Wilson, I met him, first, twenty-seven years ago. His was the first Universalist sermon I ever heard, and he was the first Universalist minister I ever saw. I do not now remember his text (the subject or the object of his sermon), but I remember him. Few ministers have accomplished as much for our Church as has this quiet, faithful worker, giving his life for Christ's Kingdom. The desert has blossomed where he has trod. The aged and the sorrowing, the mature and the youthful, all have been blessed by his words of cheer, his actions of sympathy, and thus has he woven his life into countless homes and into the Invisible Church of God."

"Fighting the good fight of faith," Dr. Shinn was, himself, the ready friend, the good Samaritan always, tender and true to those of worthy motives. A member for many years of several fraternities including the Odd Fellows, The Knights of Pythias, and the Good Templars, he

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lived the precepts taught by them all. Letters found in his desk indicate that he was in constant touch with the bereaved and sorrowing caused by loss of friends, property, or through sickness or other trouble. By voice, pen and purse he was responsive to the ever recurring calls that came from the wide country over which he travelled. For many years his financial receipts reached a goodly figure; he cared for his home, educated his children and gave the balance of his income to the needy, and to promote the principles dearer to him than money or even life. He was a Prince in generosity and for nearly two decades his gifts to the Church and its work amounted annually to one third of his salary. It was in nobility that he attained the joy of great riches, as God had spoken it, even for him "I will go before thee and I will give to thee the treasures of darkness and the hidden riches of secret places."



DR. SHINN AND FAMILY AT GALESBURG, ILL.

CHAPTER X.

FAMILY TIES.

IN his extended travels Dr. Shinn often held religious services of conference, and sometimes of worship, in the homes of his friends. He was easily entertained when a guest; children loved him and for him there were scores of homes in every section of the country where "the latch string" was always out. This power to win his way into the sanctities of family circles, the following from a relative, Mr. Josiah H. Shinn, well sets forth.

"In the autumn of 1893, I went to Russia, leaving my home in Little Rock in charge of my wife and her sister, Mattie Williams, the latter being my deputy in the office of State Superintendent of Public Instruction. It was a habit of my wife to drive almost daily, and one day returning from the State House with her sister, she was met at the home door by her brother who said:

'Hurry in girls, Mr. Shinn is here.'

'Mr. Shinn? Why, Virgil, that can't be.'

'Well, go in and see.'

Both hurried into the library half expecting to find me there. On entering they found a strange Mr. Shinn, but one they were pleased to know.

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Dr. Quillen Shinn had corresponded with me for years and had my standing invitation to make my house his home whenever he should be in Little Rock. He had an aversion to letting you know just when he might be expected — or possibly his time was so arranged as to make it impossible to forewarn. At all events, on this his first visit to Little Rock, he did not let us know but simply 'dropped in.' Taking the street car he rode out to my house and in his splendid way proceeded to make himself at home. Few men had the art of winning their way into a home like Quillen Shinn. He was natural, unaffected, of noble presence, a man of the world and a good conversationalist. He took my house by storm with both its heads absent. He had been in the Union Army while Colonel Williams, my wife's father, had cast his lot with the other side. These old soldiers, strangers but a minute before, became warm friends in a single hand grasp, and when my wife entered, they were fighting the war over again, each one bubbling over with happy reminiscences. My wife said:

'This is not Josiah.'

'No,' said he, 'there is only one Josiah. I am Quillen.'

'What? Dr. Quillen H. Shinn?'

'Yes, I am Quillen, but am not particular about the doctor part of it.'

'Well, I assure you that you are welcome, and

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I am sorry that Josiah cannot be here to make you doubly so.'

He not only won his way instantly into the hearts of the older ones, my two boys, the brother, but won from the start the affection of my wife and her sister. So wonderfully true was this that these women, — although staunch members of the Christian Church, — took it on themselves to go the very next day to the trustees of their church, secure it for the Doctor's use and then to make themselves a committee to secure an audience. From the Governor and Secretary of the State down to the Janitor of the State House they secured promises of attendance and then did the same thing with lawyers, doctors and merchants on their way home. Dr. Shinn helped them wonderfully. He mingled with men during the day, made acquaintances on his own motion, and that night had a fine audience.

He not only knew how to make friends but he was a past master in knowing how to keep them. The many who met him first on that occasion remained his warm friends forever, and from that time on he had a host of admirers in Little Rock. They were always glad to see him and equally glad to hear him and had he been stationed in the city would have built up a great congregation. My house was always his home so long as I lived in that city, and continued to be his home in Springdale, Chicago and Washington. His visits

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were a benediction, and I, together with all my household, hated to see him go. His Christianity gave him gentleness in its highest form; he was considerate, tender, sympathetic and refined. He had a powerful physique but was as gentle as a lamb. He was the possessor of strong virtues which made him a prince in gentility."

A great worker, Dr. Shinn knew how to find and to give pleasure wherever he went, through all the years of his ministry. Here is a glimpse of what was not uncommon.

"I have been calling at many homes this week and I rode on the back of a good pacer — I have never tried a bicycle. 'Keep him all the week,' said my good friend Albert Clayton, as I mounted his horse at Shelton, S. C. So every day I rode through the forests and over smooth roads calling at the country homes and going four miles to my preaching services every evening. From home to horseback sermons flashed upon my mind, and I had over fifty miles of such meditation. Were I Professor in a school of theology, I would teach my students from the saddle; there is no exercise so conducive to mental vigor."

One more picture of family joy by this man whose consecration to his calling in life kept him constantly from his own family:

"The daughter of our leading Universalist home was honored by her friends on her twenty-second birthday by the pleasure of a fox hunt. The

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talented Miss Beulah Lawrence will hardly forget the joyful occasion, nor will the writer forget it either. I never knew before that eighteen hounds could make so much noise. The sounds of horns added to the music. The young ladies of the party kept up with the men, and what graceful riders! Through tangled woods they galloped, leaped ditches and were daring in every feat. A kind friend brought down from the livery, at Tarboro, three Kentucky pacers. One of them magnificent in every movement, trained in all the gaits, was assigned to the writer. His name was 'Preacher.' He was superb. There is a healthy excitement and a delightful exhilaration in the chase. But, to save my conscience I will add that it is necessary to hunt down and destroy these little animals, seemingly so innocent. The fox is the farmers' greatest enemy. He has no conscience. He is ruthless in destroying chickens, turkeys, pigs and lambs. And was this missionary work? Yes. For all save one who were in the chase attended my services the following day."

But through it all his heart was back with his own family circle, and the lines of "home, sweet home," were often upon his lips.

It was while settled in Lynn, Mass., that he was married, the bride being Miss Maria S. Burnell, of Portland, Me. The wedding occurred in the stately Congress Square Universalist

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Church, of the city named, May 10th, 1876, the Rev. W. E. Gibbs, D.D., officiating. From this union were born Edward L., 1877, at Lynn, Mass., Paul H., 1879, at Foxboro, Mass., and at Deering, Maine, 1885, twin babies, Philip and Albert, the last named dying in infancy. The three sons grew, healthful and strong of body and alert of mind. With them the father found much enjoyment, entering heartily betimes into their youthful sports. Of this he once wrote as follows: *

"After the brief thaws we have had, splendid crusts have spread out over the hills like beautiful sheets of crystal, and, notwithstanding the cold, the boys with their sleds have been out enjoying it, their healthful faces and merry voices revealing the zest with which they shot over the glistening surface. The parson, as well as the business man, ought to find time to play with his children. How I have longed for time to accept the earnest invitations of my darlings, Eddie and Paul, to go out and frolic with them in the snow. This Monday morning I resolved to take the time. We had a large field, sloping just enough to make safe gliding over its crystal surface, and no obstacles in the way. When we were not sailing or flying, we were rolling and romping, I a child with them. Oh, is there a sweeter hour than when one can just go back and live over the childhood days?

* Plymouth, N. H.

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I must mention one other indulgence I had shown the children. They wanted a snow-house. So a tunnel or cave had been excavated through some twenty feet of the hillock of snow which had been growing in my yard. In front of the house is one several feet higher than the fence, from the summit of which the boys do some of their noisiest sliding. I say this because it is in front of my study window."

When the years arrived that took him much from the family circle, constant letter writing kept father and children in close communication. Amid the bundles of letters preserved by Dr. Shinn are found several of boyish imprint telling the absent father in graphic phrase of happenings at home. Among these is one that no mortal ever read or can read, a single page of irregular scrawling, curves and crooks, angles and criss-crossing, the markings of a baby hand. On the back of it in Dr. Shinn's handwriting are the words, "The first letter from baby Phil." "A letter that no mortal ever read?" Yes, the father read it; to him it was plain, and it told the pleasing story of a mother's care and love, of a child's joy, of the activity, health and promise of life's morning time at his own fireside so far away. It was a tendril from the home vine reaching out to clasp the father heart and hold it dear. And so the strong man battling with life's stern realities understood this first letter

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and while throwing hundreds of others aside, placed it among his choicest keepsakes.

In one of his old diaries was folded a clipping from a Western newspaper which was kept evidently because it told the story of his own experience:

"I never knew the joy of getting home,
I never knew how fast a heart could beat,
I never tasted joy, 'till the day my little boy
Came running out to meet me in the street.
I never knew the pleasure of a smile,
I never knew the music of a voice,
'Till I heard my baby greet me,
On the day he ran to meet me,
In a way that made my weary heart rejoice."

In 1894, when the family resided at Galesburg, Illinois, he wrote as follows:

"Galesburg seems almost a strange city; too long have I been away, five months. The solicitude of being with one's family, sometimes with all communication cut off, is, I confess, more than a man who loves his home and family should be asked to bear. How often I think of this! Then comes the reflection — somebody must do this work, for I know it must be done, or we, as a church, will pass into certain decline. Thankful that the eleven thousand miles travelled during the five months just passed brought no accident and no serious pain, I rest two days and again take up the pilgrimage."

A pleasant feature of the summer meetings was

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the re-union of Dr. Shinn and his family. They were always present and the assistance of Mrs. Shinn was invaluable. The memory of thousands of attendants holds the picture of the family circle; the romping, sometimes roguish boys, the strong happy father, the quiet, kindly, earnest mother, in whose face of girlish beauty when a bride there had developed the classic markings of a cultured strength and a counselling wisdom. As before noted, the eldest son served for several years as secretary, the second was numbered among the musicians, and a variety of other services were rendered, as the boys matured. Last but not least, Philip also took his place and for half a dozen years proved an invaluable helper in many directions.

To Mrs. Shinn was accorded full praise for home training of the three boys. "I know not," said Dr. Shinn, "how my boys will turn out, but if they win in the battle of life, the victory will be due to the influence of their mother; if they lose it will be in spite of her best endeavors. I have some notions about how boys should be trained, but how can I apply them when a thousand miles from home?" What his "notions" were as to the training of boys may be indicated in one of his quotations:

"It's like breaking colts to harness,
Training of a boy up right.
You must see the lines don't chafe him
That his bridle ain't too tight.

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That the first ways that you drive him
Are the ways he'd like to go,
Gentlin' him and talking to him,
Going carefully and slow."

Dr. Shinn saw his sons come to promising manhood. They were educated in part in the public schools of the localities where he served as pastor. After he became a missionary their home was in Galesburg, Illinois, from 1891 to 1896. Here, Edward and Paul attended the High School, Edward entering Lombard College later and graduating in the class of 1896. The following autumn he entered the business firm, The Doe, Hunnewell Co., of Boston. Paul studied at Goddard Seminary, Barre, Vermont, graduating with the highest honor, June, 1898, and in the Fall of the same year entered the Harvard Dental School and graduated from there June, 1901. He is now well established in his chosen profession. In 1899 the family moved to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where Philip graduated from the Rindge Manual Training School, and has since studied three years in the Engineering School of Tufts College and is now matriculating in the Medical School of the same Institution.

Of these sturdy sons the father often spoke, and with marked feeling of joy. He loved to see an artistic picture adorning the walls of the home and was cheered and rested by music, — vocal or instrumental, — but most of all, he enjoyed the

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pictures and the music made out of happy human faces and glad voices.

As for books and reading, he had a healthful desire, though not a marked enthusiasm, and had this been so, he lacked the fixed locality and quiet hours essential to the creation of a book lover's Paradise. He chose those books that would help him to do God's work among men, — the vital and clarifying, which stirred the springs of noble desire, strengthened the will and gave vision of the triumphant life. He knew the best books from writers, ancient and modern, and from these he selected one by one companions for his travels. Those he did not give to friends along the way, he brought to his own library for the benefit of the home circle.

Through all this story little mention has been made of Dr. Shinn's faithful wife whose self-denial and sacrifice for her church were second only to that of her husband. Were they second? We may not know, but this is true, however separated from each other in time and space, none have been more closely united by the indissoluble ties of undoubting trust and love than Dr. and Mrs. Shinn. For these deeper ties, time had no power to divide and distance could not separate. For her, the mother of his children, the sharer of his burdens, the counsellor in all of his great undertakings, he has left this, among many tributes:

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* "Will the reader pardon the personal allusion, and let me refer to one who, through all these years has stood so faithfully and with such self-sacrifice by my side? Mrs. Shinn! Without such a wife, what could I have done, or what could I do in this or any other field of labor. To be absent from her and the sons so much of the time is not easy for me nor for her, but cheerfully always has she done her part at The Weirs, in all the mission fields where I served and everywhere. What I owe to her will never be written, for it cannot be estimated in words and through words its expression is impossible."

* When writing of the Summer Meetings, 1906.

CHAPTER XI.

EVENTIDE.*

WE usually think and speak of the "evening of life" in connection with the aged, but to some the change comes suddenly without gradual diminishing of either mental or physical power. And so it seemed to come to Dr. Shinn. He did not grow old. Loving children and young people he entered into their plans for work or amusement with the zest of a boy.

The season of 1906, being the twenty-fifth anniversary of "The Summer Meetings," his family felt that he had borne the burden of the presidency long enough, begged him to resign and find time for a little rest from his arduous labors. He was persuaded to let his name appear one more year, his corps of assistants promising added help. In the late winter of 1906-7, while in the South, he had an attack of grippe and a racking cough troubled him through that late, cold spring. The warm weather following suddenly, and at the time of State conventions in the South and Middle West,

* Suggesting the title of this chapter the biographer asked Mrs. Shinn to furnish the copy, and she has kindly done so. Of it she says: "Scores of letters were received after Dr. Shinn left us, seeking information of his last illness. Many questions were asked, which have never before been answered. In justice to those who loved him and mourned his loss these words are written."

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made travelling back and forth, attending his duties, very arduous, and he reached home in a condition that demanded rest. A neighbor and former parishioner remarked: "For once I think Dr. Shinn must acknowledge himself as tired. He does not walk with the usual springing step." But his mind was full of plans for the summer, several Sundays in Maine, preparations for the Ferry Beach Meetings, the coming of the National Y. P. C. U. Convention in Boston, a wedding in Plymouth, N. H., etc. It was during a trip to Maine, the latter part of June, that he contracted a severe cold, which resulted in quinsy sore throat and rheumatic fever. Unwilling to yield and determined to throw off the conditions which assailed him, he attended many services of the Young People's Convention, and made a second trip to Maine. Returning he entered the home with wearied feet that would never again bear him from its threshold.

During the trying weeks which followed, that active brain worked constantly. In intervals of sleep or delirium he was conducting a service, teaching a class of young people or troubled because he could not reach an appointment. A few days before his release, while apparently dreaming, he carried on an intelligent train of thought, distinctly uttered. During the session of the Ferry Beach Meetings there was a slight improvement in his condition. Every day he

asked, "What day is this?" and recalled what was on the program for that day. Sometimes impatient of his helpless condition he would beg of the family to go and attend to the work there. Often he would say, "Oh, I never knew the extremity of physical weakness before. I thought I had always sympathized with the sick, but I never realized the utter pathos of human suffering till now." It is pathetic to see a strong body failing, a strong mind conquered by disease. Shortly after the Ferry Beach Meetings one of the sons coming to bid him good morning before leaving for the city, he asked: "Has The Leader come yet? Bring it to me, I wish to read the report of the meeting." Taking the paper I sat by his bedside and quietly and distinctly read half of one paragraph when he said wearily, "That is enough for this time."

Appreciative of every attention and with ever a word of gratitude for those who ministered to his comfort, often speaking of the quiet, airy room as "the best place in the world," he sometimes fancied that he was in the best hospital in the country and took satisfaction in the thought that his wife could manage it so well. To his question, "How many patients are there in this institution?" the Doctor replied, "When you are well, there won't be any." That thought remained with him and he would cheerfully submit to the monotony of the treatment, thinking he was benefiting

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all the others. Early in his illness Rev. Dr. Albion was ill at his mother's home across the street. Daily Dr. Shinn inquired, "And how is the sick brother across the way?" and was comforted when he heard the reply, "Better." In answer to his question, "What day is this?" if it were said "Sunday" he would say, "Oh, then I will have my boys here today." To have his three sturdy sons lift him from bed and place him on his couch in the bay window was his greatest satisfaction. These were the times when we were truly thankful that he was with us to be cared for. Placed on the couch he would look out over the hills saying, "That is a beautiful picture." Back in his bed looking toward the terrace of the reservoir: "There are my trees. God has placed more of green than of any other color to rest eyes that are tired." So till the last the leading traits of character were present. The final days were more of weariness than of pain; sometimes lying with closed eyes, the lips moving in prayer; sometimes snatching a few moments of natural sleep, the hours passed on. Waking on one occasion, with a bright look in his eyes, he replied to the remark, "You had a fine sleep," "Yes, and it seemed as if the gates of Heaven were opened, and O, I saw our beautiful boy."

But the shadows lengthened, the evening came and the light went out.* We saw not what

* Friday, Sept. 6th, 1907.

EVENTIDE

path of light opened for *him*, but a pall of darkness covered the earth, a blank had fallen into the lives of the watchers at the gate. How could the world move on with so much of power and of action passed away?

And yet I know his work on earth continues. Beginnings and beginners are sometimes forgotten where as now so many lines are reaching out, but the results which follow on and bless the world in years to come are witnesses to the worth of the pioneer who so often "Trod the wine-press alone."

Across the "Great Divide" there comes no sign
No word to cheer, no outstretched hand clasps mine.

The mornings dawn, the days pass by,
Alone I sit and question "why?"

Where in Heaven's confines rests a soul?
Or, speeds on missive sent to some far goal?

Are there not lines that reach from Heaven's gate
That may a message bring to souls who wait?

From out the past a voice speaks true and clear
Words once familiar to my listening ear;

. :

"As God is good, so all his plans are good,
Death is but birth if rightly understood.

Could Heaven be Heaven were there a dearth
Of love, for those we've loved on earth?

Forever true this hope I hold,
That when I reach the heavenly fold

I there shall seek and find my own
Who just a little while have gone

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Beyond my earthly sight, and there
In blest re-union ever share

The joys they know; new visions see,
And consecrate to service still,
The life that is to be."

* "Death is but an interchange of bodies, a new birth upward. If God is good, then all his plans are good. And so death must be good, for it is included in those plans. It must be like this: When this body I now live in becomes so impaired by disease, accident or old age, that it is no longer a fit dwelling place for my soul, with its divine capacity and powers, it is the Father's will that it be cast aside and the soul continue life in a spiritual body that shall take the place of this.

"Then I shall be in a spiritual world related to it as I am now to this world, only the senses constituting this relationship will be spiritual while now they are physical. Then, dear friends, let us think of death simply as a change of bodies and think of Heaven as the life of Love. For the immortal life, when entered, will be Heaven to the heavenly and in proportion as we grow in that life it will become more and more heaven. Think of that world as one of re-unions, as a world of activity, where Love will still run on its missions and its ministries, and where we shall be 'more than conquerors through him that hath loved us!'"

* From an address given by Dr. Shinn at a memorial service for his brother Albert, Shinnston, W. Va., Sept. 15, 1901.

CHAPTER XII.

"FAREWELL."

A FEW days before the death of Dr. Shinn, word went forth that the critical period of his sickness had passed, and that complete return to health seemed near. The West Virginia Conference was held at Fork Ridge through September sixth, seventh and eighth and Dr. Shinn's name was on the program as one of the speakers. The reason for his absence was announced, and that recovery seemed assured. Formal greetings and congratulations were adopted by a rising vote, after which the people remained standing while a prayer of thanksgiving voiced the joy that was in every heart.

But the spirit of the strong man had already taken flight as was soon made known by the Associated Press.

Like a bolt from the clear sky came that message. That the illness had been desperate many knew, but a fatal termination was not seriously contemplated. To the tens of thousands of his friends in every part of the country the news was bewildering. He was of such unbounded energy, the report that he was dead seemed incredible — its truth impossible. The verification which quickly followed brought a grief throughout the

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whole Church, scarcely paralleled in all its history. From the many press notices, this selection from Rev. F. A. Bisbee, D.D., Editor of The Universalist Leader, is representative:

"Many hearts will be sorrowful, many homes will be lonely with Dr. Shinn away. He was a mighty personality. The Church has not failed to give him attention. Nor has he failed in a single instance to give his Church the most loyal and devoted service.

"No one could know Dr. Shinn without being impressed with his all-dominating faith. It was a faith sublime in its mastery of himself and others; it pervaded his being, modulated his voice, determined his manner.

"The natural accompaniment of such a faith was a personal courage which nothing could daunt. He swept upon places where there was but a desperate chance, soldier that he was, with the force of a whole army. He enlisted others by his own enthusiasm, and all over this country, from Maine to California, there are multitudes who have been redeemed from a gloomy theology or more gloomy doubt into the light of the children of God.

"He laid foundations, and when the history of the Universalist Church is written from the records of truth, the name of Quillen Hamilton Shinn will shine among the founders and builders whom future generations shall delight to honor.

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"Of consecrated energy he was the embodiment and was one of the most powerful doctrinal preachers we have ever known. His Universalism was the result of his Christianity, and he threw himself whole-heartedly into the work of making Universalists, which to him meant the making of complete christians.

"But after all it was the man we loved! Great-hearted, broad-minded, he knew not resentment. When criticized and condemned, he ever reached forth the hand of winning-fellowship. At his summer meetings he was big enough to gather the representatives of every phase of thought, and tune them into harmony. The man who loved his brethren and was first in generosity whenever there was need of a helping hand; the man who loved his Church and made for it such sacrifices of personal comfort as has seldom been asked of missionaries; the man who in obedience to duty sacrificed home-life and the companionship of a loving wife and children; the man who never failed in loyalty, never faltered in duty, never hesitated at sacrifice, has passed on; he has fought the good fight, he has kept the faith. All honor to his name."

The funeral was held on Tuesday, September 10th, at Tufts College in Goddard Chapel. In the falling rain the people gathered in large numbers, thirty-five clergymen being present. The floral offerings were many and beautiful.

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The casket was borne to the altar by four young ministers: Hervey H. Hoyt of Maine, O. Howard Perkins of Massachusetts, Fenwick W. Leavitt of Vermont and Ralph C. Connor of Maine. All of these had been won to the ministry through the persuasion of Dr. Shinn, and tenderly they bore the body of their spiritual father. The order of service included music by the Schubert Quartette, reading of Scriptures by George M. Harmon, D.D., prayer by A. J. Patterson, D.D., and addresses by George W. Bicknell, D.D., and I. M. Atwood, D.D. Dr. Bicknell told eloquently the story of his friend's life and influence, of the great loss to the Denomination and of his own esteem and love. In part Dr. Atwood said: "During all the years we have known our brother, the image which has risen before our minds has been a remarkable embodiment of life, action, insuppressible energy. When we try to think of Dr. Shinn as having gone from the busy scene, — always busy where he was, — into silence, we are not only surprised and shocked, we are incredulous; we say it cannot be! That human magazine of physical, mental and emotional forces exhausted: it cannot be!

"Yet we are compelled to say it is so. Even Dr. Shinn, with his affluent vitality, his teeming plans, his unfulfilled ambitions, has heard the call, and passed through the iron gate.

"And what shall we say? Shall we not all pay first the tribute of nature and confess our sorrow

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that he should be called so soon? I cannot think that Brother Shinn desired to die. I know he wished to bring his plans to completeness. It was Dr. Shinn's fortune — he sometimes said it was his misfortune — to have made his own place, to have marked out his own career. Was it not the triumph of genius to find and fill his own place?

“His was a work which the General Convention recognized and commissioned him to do. That was his triumph — to have compelled recognition.

“All agree that here was a man moved by divine impulse, listening to the divine call, going forth with his Master's as well as his Church's commission to do the work of the Lord, and all agree that no soldier of the cross has ever been more faithful and heroic than this man.

“He was a true American, a genuine democrat and an intense Universalist. He was so because he saw Universalism in all its broad sweep, and was, therefore, an advocate of every real reform, temperance, peace and prison reform. It is not too much to say Dr. Shinn was his religion incarnate. He had a passion for good and saw good in that great word, ‘Universalism.’ His object was to make more Universalists and plant Universalist churches as the means to the bringing about of the time when the white flag should wave over all contending interests in the world.

“There will be mourning all over the land;

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whenever there is one to whom he has brought the Good Tidings — mourning that they shall see his face no more.”

At the conclusion of the addresses and a further musical selection, the benediction was pronounced by the Rev. Chas. H. Temple.

The body was taken for burial to the Evergreen Cemetery, Portland, Maine, where services were also held under the direction of Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt, the State Superintendent. Beneath a multitude of floral tributes “dust was returned to dust,” even as the spirit had ascended to the God who gave it.

The Boston Ministers’ Meeting of the 16th of September was given over to a service of farewell to the fallen comrade. The meeting was unusually large. Rev. Wm. Couden, President of the Association, was in the chair, and Rev. J. Harry Holden conducted the services.

The Rev. Dr. Perin, chairman of the memorial committee, submitted the following resolutions, which were later adopted by a rising vote:

“We, the ministers of the Universalist Church of Boston and vicinity, gathered at our regular Monday morning meeting, desire to record our sense of loss in the death of our brother, Rev. Q. H. Shinn, D.D., and our appreciation of his worth.

“A man of great physical and mental resources, of boundless energy, of tireless activity, of re-



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markable personality and of profound religious convictions, he consecrated all his powers to his cause and ours. Rarely discouraged and never dismayed he laughed at difficulties and trampled down all obstacles and revelled in hard work.

"Filled with a rare missionary zeal he went forth with true apostolic self-forgetfulness to proclaim his message, saying with the apostle of old, 'Woe is me if I preach not this Gospel.'

"Serving his country in the War of the Rebellion with absolute loyalty and unquestioned courage, he served his great Master till the day of his death with equal courage and devotion. Though he challenges our admiration in his service to his country, his devotion to his Church and as a friend of humanity, yet it is to our affections that he appeals most strongly. Conservative in theology he was tolerant toward those who differed from him; strong in his convictions he welcomed to his platform those who could not agree with him; absorbed, at times nearly consumed with exactions of his own enterprises, he was never too busy to hear the story of the needy, to come to the defense of the oppressed or to lend a hand to a brother.

"Sometimes criticized he cherished no bitterness; sometimes misunderstood he was ever ready to allow his work to be his vindication. With absolute faith in God, with a frown for none and a smile for all, he went about his Father's business

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in a spirit of almost perfect Christian optimism. Taking him all in all he seems to us, who knew him, to have filled the ideal of her who wrote:

"I like the man who faces what he must
With heart triumphant and a step of cheer;
Who fights the daily battle without fear;
Sees his hopes fail, yet keeps unfaltering trust
That God is God, that somehow, true and just,
His plans work out for mortals; not a tear
Is shed when fortune, which the world holds dear,
Falls from his grasp; better, with love, a crust
Than living in dishonor; envies not,
Nor loses faith in man, but does his best,
Nor even murmurs at his humbler lot;
But with a smile and words of hope, gives zest
To every toiler, he alone is great
Who by a life heroic conquers fate."

"Resolved, therefore, that this testimonial be spread upon our records, and a copy be sent to his bereaved family with our heartfelt sympathy for them in their great bereavement."

Signed,

GEORGE L. PERIN,
CHARLES CONKLIN,
J. HARRY HOLDEN.

Addresses were delivered by Drs. Perin and Roblin, and others of the ministry who spoke were: W. W. Morrison, H. W. Smith, G. A. Sahlin, Joseph K. Mason, D.D., Mrs. A. C. Bowles, Anson Titus and A. J. Patterson, D.D. The meeting was closed by Rev. Stanford Mitchell with a message of personal friendship and appreciation in which he said in part:

FAREWELL

"A noble trait of this rare man was concentration. All there was of him went with him into whatsoever enlisted his interest. The Universalist Church captivated his love, and that Church he espoused. There was no embarrassment of choices. To every seductive enticement he was immune. For his own Church he breathed, and taught and toiled. For her weal he yearned, denying himself home, comfort, companionship and solace — happy in his self-surrender.

"Paltry beyond compare seems ordinary half-hearted allegiance, contrasted with devotion like his. For this, indeed, is the acme of human achievement, this is likest unto Christ.

"Intellectual acumen? Who would not possess it? The magic of eloquence? Who does not covet that? Erudition, vast knowledge? How splendid it must be to consciously possess the same! But greater far is he from whom treasure goes, than he to whom it comes or with whom it stays. Follow the quick steps of Quillen Hamilton Shinn over New England hills and vales, over the West-land and the South, through piney woods, up mountain slopes, find here and there the isolated dweller or the assembled and waiting throng and then find as you will that for them the brightest remembered sunrise of all the years was the radiant coming of this masterful missionary with the good tidings of triumphant joy.

"And did we see him as he was and is, when he

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moved here among us? A picture in the gallery reveals its full excellence only when placed in light most favoring. The far-reaching perspective of separation has now come and the diviner light is on our brother's face, and *now* we see him as he was and as he is. His lack, his faults, his failings, atomize and disappear from the grandeur of his translated being.

"Brave, buoyant brother mine, *Farewell*. Thou canst not fare ill, for thou art safeguarded in *Eternal Love*. He who tries now to voice thy worth shall seek thee in the land of the immortals! Not among seraphs on supernal summit will the quest be made, but where service can bless, where love can minister and where sacrifice can save, full well I know that there — there shall I find thee."

The service ended by Mr. Mitchell singing "Only Remembered by What We Have Done," a favorite song of Dr. Shinn's.

WAITING.

Though he that ever kind and true
Kept stoutly step by step with you
Your whole, long, gusty lifetime through
 Be gone awhile before,
Be now a moment gone before:
Yet doubt not, soon the season shall restore
 Your friend to you.

He has but turned a corner — still
He pushes on with right good will,
Through mire and marsh, by heugh and hill
 That selfsame, arduous way

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That selfsame, upland, hopeful way,
That you and he through many a doubtful day
Attempted still.

He is not dead, this friend — not dead,
But in the path we mortals tread,
Got some few trifling steps ahead,
And nearing to the end,
So that you, too, once past the bend,
Shall meet again, as face to face this friend,
You fancy dead.

Push gayly on, strong heart! The while
You travel forward, mile by mile,
He loiters with a backward smile
Till you can overtake,
And strains his eyes to search his wake
Or, whistling, as he sees you through the brake,
Waits on a stile.

— Robert Louis Stevenson.

CHAPTER XIII.

APPRECIATION.

IN a number of churches and at several conferences and conventions, particularly in the South, services of appreciation scattered over many months continued to be held for the fallen leader. Most impressive was the one in Philadelphia in connection with the Universalist General Convention. It came near the ending of a busy day of routine labors by the delegates, yet the Auditorium of the Church was packed to its capacity, and many stood during the services. The following program was carried out:

IN MEMORIAM.

REV. QUILLEN HAMILTON SHINN, D.D.

January 1, 1845–September 6, 1907.

"A Prince and a great man fallen in Israel."

UNIVERSALIST CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

October 25, 1907, 4.15 P.M.

Auspices of the National Council of
Superintendents.

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TRIBUTES OF LOVE: THE MAN AND HIS WORK

WILLIAM H. MCGLAUFLIN, D. D., *General Superintendent, Presiding.*

Scripture Sentences, Rev. Lyman B. Weeks, New York.

Invocation, Rev. James D. Tillinghast, Pennsylvania.

1. *The Child*, Mrs. Abbie C. Lott, Pennsylvania.
2. *The Soldier*, Henry N. Couden, D.D., Washington, D. C.
3. *The Minister*, Henry W. Rugg, D.D., Rhode Island; Edwin C. Sweetser, D.D., Pennsylvania.
4. *The Reformer*, Rev. Thomas Chapman, North Carolina.
5. *The Summer Meetings*, Rev. Henry R. Rose, New Jersey; Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt, Maine.
6. *The Missionary*, Mrs. Cordelia A. Quinby, Massachusetts; Mr. Louis A. Ames, New York; Rev. Athalia L. J. Irwin, Arkansas.
7. *The Mission Field Letters*, Rev. Ralph Conner, Massachusetts.
8. *Husband, Father, Friend*, George L. Perin, D.D., Massachusetts.
9. *Faithful to his Faith*, John Coleman Adams, D.D., Connecticut.
10. *Benediction*, G. L. Demarest, D.D., New Hampshire.

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As introductory to the meeting, the Presiding Officer, Dr. McGlauffin, said:

"Dear Friends: This month, golden October, marks the re-union of our religious family. Our Church welcomes to kindly councils her sons and daughters from afar. One there is who does not come. Hitherto, he has mingled with us in such hours of joy, — so strong of body, so sturdy of brain, so stout of heart, in purpose so persistent, in spirit so buoyant, in loyalty so unexcelled, — why does he tarry? Even now we seem to hear that springing footstep, that kindly salutation and to see again that beaming smile and princely presence. But that is memory telling of the past before the 'silver cord' had untwined and the 'golden bowl' had broken.

"From the remotest part of our Zion, where he had given the personal touch, as had none other of our prophets, thousands of hearts are bowed under the cypress trees and mingle their longings with our own, —

'For the touch of a vanished hand
And the sound of a voice that is still.'

"His earthly tabernacle is enfolded in the kindly bosom of Mother Nature and over that new-made grave, under the Summer sky, loving hands have spread a covering of flowers.

"The rays of the autumn sun, brightening and peaceful, are resting there and tinted leaves, falling noiselessly, are the symbols of Heaven's

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benedictions. And now, from the sunlit gardens of many hearts we are bringing clusters of flowers that fade not, the flowers of abiding appreciation and of tenderest love. And here and now we place them to the memory of one more of the great sons of our Church, who has fought and triumphed and had an abundant entrance to realms immortal, Quillen Hamilton Shinn."

The letter from Mrs. Abbie C. Lott, who was unable to be present in person, was read by the Rev. Emma E. Bailey of Pennsylvania. The message told of matters recorded in Chapter III of this book, and ended with the words: "I feel the paucity of language, and am dissatisfied with the best I can say for the boy and youth, who was so replete with promise, and who fulfilled that promise to such an eminent degree."

Miss Bailey added as her appreciation the biblical verse: "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion, Thy God Reigneth!"

Rev. Henry N. Couden, the blind Chaplin of the House of Representatives, a veteran of the Civil War, paid a warm tribute, from which these words are taken:

"We are here to pay a tribute of love and respect to a fallen comrade, who served his

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Country and his Master with equal devotion and fidelity in war and in peace.

"We are proud of Comrade Shinn's career as a soldier. He was by nature a man of peace; his great heart went out in love and sympathy to all men. Yet, when the call to arms came, he obeyed the summons with patriotic zeal, and from the day he enlisted till the last gun was fired for peace, he fulfilled with courage, loyalty and fidelity every duty that falls to the lot of a soldier, and left behind him a record worthy of all emulation.

"'The heart so leal and the hand of steel
Are palsied aye for strife,
But the noble deed and the patriot's meed
Are left of the hero's life.'

"The name of Quillen Hamilton Shinn may be forgotten by future generations, but what he did will live in the sacred institutions of our Republic forever; and when the roll of honor shall be called 'on Fame's eternal camping ground,' his will be among the elect, and sweeter than all music, the words, 'Well done, thou good and faithful servant,' will thrill the heart of that noble patriot. He was the embodiment of faith, hope and love; in war his heart was oak, in peace, tender, sympathetic and loving as that of a woman.

"He fought a good fight, finished his course, kept the faith. Henceforth is laid up for him a crown of righteousness."

The address by Dr. Rugg, who was then Presi-

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dent of the Board of Trustees of the General Convention, contained these words:

"He was a born preacher. He radiated hopefulness and helpfulness, as he spoke on the great themes pertaining to God and the principles of divine government, the work of Christ and the redemption of the race, through him.

"He was a preacher of power, because his heart was in his work. He was both a Universalist enthusiast and a Universalist evangelist. He had life and individuality to throw into his sermons, whether they were preached to thousands in the city church, or to a handful of eager listeners in the country meetinghouse, or the isolated home.

"His was the joy of preaching and the preaching of joy. He was a practical preacher. He did not stop with a declaration of truth in the abstract, but pressed home to the conscience of his hearers the application of Christian principles and precepts. He appealed to the spiritual side of humanity, and thus sought to influence men to the best belief and the noblest service. He sought to enforce right living, as well as high thinking.

"He was an interesting and a forceful preacher. His words from the pulpit glowed with the fire kindled on the altars of God, and so they carried with them divine light and inspiration and blessing.

"He was an orator, rather than an essayist, — a thoroughly Christian preacher, — a minister, an

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apostle, a divinely appointed messenger set apart for the high calling to which he gave the best of his heart and life."

Dr. Sweetser, as a member of the General Convention Trustees for many years, was closely identified with Dr. Shinn and an ardent supporter of his work:

"Behold, a sower went forth to sow, and as he sowed, some seeds fell by the wayside, some on stony places and some among thorns, and yielded no fruit; but others fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, thirty, sixty and a hundredfold."

"The name of the sower was Quillen Hamilton Shinn; and today there is no criticism because some of the seed which he sowed was unfruitful."

"But while we wish that the ground had all been good, we recognize the fact, that, for the unfavorable state of a portion of it, he was no more responsible than the Saviour himself, under similar conditions, and we are glad of him and proud of him, because, notwithstanding the difficulties which confronted him, he sowed good seed and only good seed, scattering it broadcast wherever he went and trusting for his harvest to the Lord of the Harvest whom he faithfully served."

"A full-blooded man, he preached a full-blooded gospel, no half-caste religion, no compound of Christian and heathenish elements, no scheme of Christianity — which was sufficient only for the salvation of a part of mankind, and no anæmic,

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emaciated, Christless Christianity, no mere system of ethics or naturalism, but the whole glorious Gospel, with both its human and its divine elements, its natural and its supernatural features, as revealed by Jesus Christ and set forth in the New Testament. Never shall I forget with what plainness and energy and glorious enthusiasm he once proclaimed it in this pulpit, and his experience proves that a multitude of people want just such a Gospel. It shows that they will welcome it. For truly the wilderness and the solitary place were glad because of him, when he made them to behold the glory of the Lord and the excellency of our God. He believed that the way to do missionary work is to do it.

"And now that he has gone from us, caught up into Heaven, oh, that his mantle may fall on some worthy successor and his spirit be displayed by our Church as a whole."

The eulogy by Mr. Chapman, a native of South Carolina, and a close worker with Dr. Shinn in that section, contained these sentences: "Dr. Shinn was one of the very elect sent into the world to do God's work of reformation and transformation. In early life he evinced the spirit of the reformer and martyr, by enlisting for service in the Union Army. He felt that the emancipation of the ignorant slave meant also the greater freedom and progress of the slave owner. And his contention has proven to be right and just.

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"He was also a champion of Woman's Rights, doing what he could to free her from the narrow, unjust restrictions of the past.

"His noble soul held in just abhorrence the liquor traffic and the slavery it induced. So, he became one of its most obstinate foes, standing always and everywhere for the cause of temperance. He loved the clean life and lived it, and helped others to live it.

"He realized that the tobacco habit deadened the moral sensibilities and weakened the physical constitution, entailing on its victims both moral and physical disease. And our brother constantly labored to save men from this vice.

"What more shall we say? How true it is that he possessed the full spirit of reform in large measure. May we all be possessed of the same spirit, and, like him, be zealous co-laborers with God."

Of the Summer meetings, started at The Weirs, New Hampshire, on Lake Winnepesaukee, Mr. Rose gave a glowing picture:

"At The Weirs Quillen Hamilton Shinn showed what he could do to attract and inspire great companies of people. There were times when congregations of two thousand men and women gathered in the grove to listen to our Universalist message.

"At The Weirs he also showed his managerial ability, by grouping about him the eloquent and magnetic leaders of the denomination, and by

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enlisting the younger men of bright, particular promise.

"In view of the possibilities of The Weir Meetings, if there had been any Board in our communion, with sufficient faith and resources to have taken hold with Dr. Shinn, in the zenith of their popularity, there might be today at that same beautiful place a Universalist Assembly of national fame and usefulness.

"He went from the midst of those stately pines like a giant from his stronghold; but he did not lay his weapons down or relinquish the battle. He succeeded at Ferry Beach.

"Other men will come and go, but never will there arise one who was more crystal in his life, more kindly toward his fellowmen and more loyal to his church, than this crusader who fell before his time."

The Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt said, supplementing the words of Mr. Rose:

"Ferry Beach Park, in Maine — so well known to the Universalists of America — will ever make memorable the name of Dr. Quillen H. Shinn.

"I saw him soon after he had discovered Ferry Beach. His enthusiasm was like a burning fire. Had the mountains opened their treasures to him, he could not have been more glad, than when he looked for the first time upon that spot, which was soon to become so dear to his heart.

"Can you not see him, as he stood there looking

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upon the scene which became such a delight in his life? At his feet lay the broad ocean, stretching away in the distance until it was lost to his vision. At his side there stood one of the most beautiful groves in all New England. These pines of the forest joined their voices with the waves of the ocean whispering the same sweet message to his heart, 'God is Love.'

"Between the grove and the ocean there stood a hotel, with its many rooms, large parlors, wide verandas, where one could live and look out upon the sea and in upon the grove. Who, but Dr. Shinn would have dared to purchase that hotel, as he did, paying from his own pocket, placing his life insurance as security, trusting his Church for re-payment? Let us be glad that he lived to know that the last dollar was paid, and the mortgage lifted.

"For the love we bear him and for the love we bear our Church, we who are left must neither falter nor fail. Yes, the citadel will be held now that our hero has fallen."

Mrs. Quinby was for years the President of the Women's Centennary Association, now known as the Women's National Missionary Association. She spoke as an intimate and a long time friend:

"It is meet that the Women's Missionary Association should render its tribute to the memory of Dr. Shinn, for he was its loyal supporter, as he was of every auxiliary of our beloved Church.

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"From the first year of the Summer Meetings at The Weirs to the present year at Ferry Beach he never failed to set apart a day on the program for the Woman's Association and its interests, saying to me: 'The day is yours. Secure good speakers and obtain all the annual members and life members you can.'

"The most talented of our women preachers here contributed their efforts and learned their first lesson in missionary endeavor in organized form from the Summer Meetings of Dr. Shinn.

"Upon the change of constitution, when Mission Circles were called for, Dr. Shinn was prompt in response to the request to organize Mission Circles, instead of Ladies' Aid Societies.

"We loved him as one of our own, from the day he first brought his bride to our home in Augusta, Maine, till his death. Faith and Duty were always spelled with a capital letter by him, in the same company with Universalism, the grandest word in his vocabulary."

Mr. Louis Annin Ames, of New York, spoke for the National Young People's Christian Union, of which for several years he had been the trusted President:

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain or sea,
I'll say what you want me to say, dear Lord,
I'll be what you want me to be."

was the hymn sung more frequently than any other, at our last Young People's Christian Union

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Convention. Each time it was sung, there was in that vast assembly no one that voiced the refrain with more youthful vigor, that phrased the music with more spirit or gave deeper thought to the religious meaning of those sacred words, than he whose memory we now honor. The words of this beautiful hymn found fullest expression in the life and character of our Missionary, who was a man of courage, both fearless and hopeful.

"His interest in the Christian Union began with its inception; his official relation began at the Washington Convention of 1893, at which time he was elected National Organizer and Chairman of the Post Office Mission Commission.

"The vast number of delegates that made 'Boston '95' and the Convention that followed so great numerically came from the local Unions, many of which, he, in large part, called into being.

"His personality was such that one could not be in his presence long, without sharing his enthusiasm. He gave his zealous energy to every effort that would fully develop our Zion to its possibility. Marvelous was his faith, extraordinary his zeal, remarkable his energy, wonderful his enthusiasm.

"Most strongly marked of his ennobling characteristics was his utter lack of jealousy, his quick recognition of merit in another's work and his instant expression of admiration for it.

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"There is more of enthusiasm, more of gladness, more of energy, more of sunshine, more of youth, more of happiness in the Great Beyond, since our friend and brother has passed through the Portals."

Mrs. Irwin found Universalism her life joy and also her life work, through the ministry of Dr. Shinn:

"From the land of roses and sunshine, where so large a part of his labors were spent, I come with a tribute in the name of all those who loved him there. From nearly a hundred churches which have listened to his message, receiving encouragement and inspiration from his regular or occasional visits: from unnumbered homes, in whose circle he has at some time been in friendly intercourse and spiritual communion, I come.

"When Jesus was here among men, he said to one who professed to love Him, just before He went away, 'Lovest thou me?' And when the answer came assuring him of the sincerity of that love, Jesus said, 'Feed my sheep.' Three times the question was asked and three times it was answered, and as many times the Master said, 'Feed my sheep; feed my lambs.' One whom we have claimed to love has gone from us. There are sheep and lambs scattered up and down the land whom he loved, and like Jesus of old, he says to us now, 'If you love me, feed them.'

"Mistakes? Failings? There are none. Dust

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to dust; ashes to ashes; earth to earth. Only good is immortal. He lived and died in the office which was made for him, and for which he was made. The years may come and the years may go, great lights may arise in the horizon of our Church and continue to shine through all the years, but the Universalist Church will never produce a light that will be able to eclipse that which shines in his name today. He used to tell us of a Heaven, where there would be work to do — a work of lifting the fallen and the needy who pass on in darkness and sin. If so be that he has found his Heaven now, he is still God's Missionary over there."

Mr. Connor's moving testimony contained the following:

"This is not an occasion for measuring the mind or weighing the heart, or estimating the value of our loved and, for a while, lost leader. Now is rather the time for the outpouring of a great affection.

"He was my spiritual father from the beginning. In our home we both were proud to be numbered among his sons and daughters in the Lord. From the time I first read his Missionary Letters in the 'Gospel Banner,' describing his horseback rides among the mountains of Northern New Hampshire, I honored the Missionary and I loved the man.

"His spirit touched mine at The Weirs, and I

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was kindled for the Christian Ministry. He always found something for me to do in the service of our Church — from passing the hymn books to preaching the sermon. He always called me — and ever *honored* me in so calling me — ‘one of my boys.’

“I therefore make no attempt to measure his manhood or to gauge his goodness, any more than I would that of father or mother or dearest friend. I simply pour out my tribute of affection and say: ‘For all the blessings of thy life, or all that thou hast been to me of inspiration, comfort, strength, I thank thee.’

“I loved him just as he was; I enjoyed him just as he was; I miss him just as he was; I shall hope to meet him sometime *just as he was*.”

Of Dr. Shinn as husband, father and friend, Dr. Perin brought an appreciative message:

“Naturally domestic in his temperament, and without the vices that belong to the worldly man, probably one of the greatest crosses for Dr. Shinn, in his self-imposed tasks, was his almost constant separation from his home and family. All who knew the boys and the father must often have marvelled at the courage of this child-loving man, who could turn away from the pleasure of the companionship which he loved so dearly to obey the voice of God, which he heard so clearly.

“Those who honor him most for his unselfish devotion have sometimes thought in their hearts,

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that the sacrifice which he required at the hands of his boys in giving up their daily associations with their father was greater than he had a right to ask of them. Yet, who knows by what subtle influences character is molded? Who shall say that that fine devotion to a cause, that splendid sacrifice for his Faith, which the sons witnessed in their father, was not worth vastly more in its reactions upon their character than would have been even his daily companionship and counsel. Better for them than any words he could speak to them was the splendid example he gave them in his own life.

"If he was a father whom the sons might well delight to honor, he was also a husband in whose heroism a wife might well take pride. But for the perfect devotion of the wife to the cause he loved, and for the perfect understanding between them, his long separations from her might easily have been a crime against love and nature. But with that perfect understanding, it was to him like the going forth of a soldier at the call of his country, and to her like the heroism of the wife of a naval officer who sends her husband forth to fight, and perhaps to die, but never dreams of keeping him to herself. But she had the consciousness that she was sending forth an absolutely pure and faithful husband.

"As a friend! Well, I can only say that no name ever came into possession of this man's

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friendship that he did not feel that he had something worth while. He was a friend to go to for counsel, and to lean upon in trouble. Full of light himself, he radiated light. Full of strength himself, he imparted strength. And he could risk the alienation of his dearest friends, if their friendship seemed to call for any compromise with what he thought to be wrong. Yet, men loved him and sought his companionship. The reason was simple—they trusted him. Absolutely true himself, they knew he could not be false to any man. Inevitably! He was noble at all points because *he was noble at heart.*"

Dr. Adams, who gave the last address, was both personally, and as an official, a co-laborer with Dr. Shinn.

"There flows past the city in which I live a noble river; its broad bosom bears the fleets of a great commonwealth's commerce. Its currents turn the wheels of a thousand industries. Its wide bottomlands are rich with the crops of fertile farms. It is a strong, busy, useful river and I love to walk beside it, and think of all the good it does.

"But to find the origin of the great river's industrious stream, you must leave the towns and the cities, forget the rich farms and go up to the forests and the hills. You must climb the great cliffs where the eagle soars, and search among the crags whose heads are bared to the wheeling stars

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at night. There on the heights is where the river is born.

"So, when we are seeking the sources of the highest service to mankind, we must go up to the heights of life, and into its solitudes where man is alone with God. We have been recounting today the splendid activities of a man who did much and wrought much for God and for his fellowmen. And, as we approach the close of these exercises, it is proper to remind ourselves that the source of his usefulness lay in his religious life — we must seek it on the heights where he worshipped God; in the silences where he was alone with his Heavenly Father.

"His energies were fed by faith, took their rise in his love for God and for his fellowmen. He wrought well because he had a great faith, a broad catholic, loving kindness. Let us never forget why he was strong and active and hopeful and self-sacrificing. It was because he was a disciple of Jesus Christ, a worshipper of the Almighty God, our Father, touched by the Holy Spirit, the Quickener. That faith and that love, which were in his heart and in his life here, were his title to peace, safety, blessedness anywhere.

"Where he has gone, the location of that Unknown Country, we may none of us know. But one thing we do know: Of this we may be sure. Wherever he is, in God's good providence he is *fit to be*."

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A brief summary by Dr. McGlauflin ended the tributes of this most remarkable commemoration of the Church, for "a Prince and a great man" who had fallen:

"Thus, dear friends, have we brought the offerings of our hearts, in honor of the noble leader who is beckoning to us from out the heights. Departed, he yet is present. Away from us, he is nearer and dearer than ever.

"Time is not long enough to separate nor space wide enough to divide lives that are bound together in the service of God. We shall be drawn closer to each other as we imbibe more of the spirit of our brother, who lived, and who died, for his Faith and his Church.

"For this man who bestowed upon his work, his Church and his loved ones so great an affection, there has sounded from the heart of the Eternal, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving kindness have I drawn thee.'"*

Most fittingly came the benediction in clear and reverent tones from a "Father" of the Church, one who had for years been Secretary of its highest legislative body, and who was at the

* Letters from absent friends had been solicited and received for this occasion. The length of the service prevented their being read. Rev. Mary Garard Andrews of Omaha, Rev. Andrew Wilson of Ravenna, Ohio, and Chas. Ellwood Nash, D.D., of Los Angeles, California, were among those who sent messages.

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ninetieth milestone of a noble life, Dr. Demarest: "The Lord bless you and keep you. The Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you. The Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you and give you peace. Amen."





HOTEL "QUILLEN."

CHAPTER XIV.

LIVING MONUMENTS.

DEEP anxiety was occasioned by the translation of Dr. Shinn, lest the enterprises, of which he was the source and stay, should fail, or, at best, falter. "Who will fill the position of Southern Missionary?" "Who will carry on the Ferry Beach Meetings?" "Because the leader has fallen, will the results of his efforts disintegrate and disappear?" Such questions were natural and inevitable.

Long ago it was written that the double blessing of the righteous dead is, "Rest from their labors," and that, "Their works do follow them." This beatitude was to have a new verification in the apotheosis of Dr. Shinn. Prompted by love, motive came to memory and to gratitude and asked of many a mourner, "What shall we now do?" That question sounded in the heart of Rev. Athalia L. J. Irwin, then of Arkansas, and she was first to reply: "Erect in the Southland a Dr. Shinn Memorial Church." Rev. Chas. P. Hall of Florida answered, "Lay the foundation of a Southern Lectureship." In far off California the Rev. C. Ellwood Nash, D.D., wrote in his letter for the Philadelphia Convention as follows:

"I always believed in Quillen H. Shinn. I

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believed him for his works' sake; not merely for his good intentions, but for his way of bringing things to pass. He followed great precedents. He was a pathfinder like Fremont, and Fremont's name does not lack luster because he did not settle all the States for which he blazed the way. Wherever he went Dr. Shinn created a prepossession in favor of the beautiful and virile religion which he practiced. It cannot be shown that a different program would have accomplished more.

"As to Memorials, there should be at least two: The suggestion that a great church should be planted to his name in some Southern City is every way sound, and should be carried out under the lead of the people of the South.

"The most suitable and effective memorial in the North would be the extension and endowment of the Summer Chautauqua, at Ferry Beach, Maine, which has begun to evolve as the latest fruits of the movement he started at The Weirs. We cannot afford to allow the legacy of his spirit to lapse in mere rhetoric. Suffused and exalted, together may our affection and admiration crystallize into living monuments that shall perpetuate not only his name but his life."

"Living Monuments" soon began to take definite shape. No one person could be found to fill the position of Southern Missionary but more State and District Superintendents were provided for, and the General Convention promptly ar-

LIVING MONUMENTS

ranged to annually appropriate for the Missions and Church Extension in that section the amount of the salary formerly paid to Dr. Shinn.

In conference, at Philadelphia, the Southern delegates, October, 1907, discussed at length the matter of a national tribute most fitting, and the proposed memorial church was heartily favored.

By some, however, the Southern Lectureship was endorsed as a first undertaking, it being possible to promptly begin the campaign for creating the fund. The Universalist Leader espoused this proposition, and was seconded by the Universalist Herald, and so the Lectureship had the right of way. Without any solicitor being placed in the field, responses came from all sections and the fund quickly reached the sum of two thousand, five hundred dollars. Placed on interest, in care of the General Convention, the income is used to assist in sending to the South annually a prominent minister to co-operate in furthering the work for which Dr. Shinn labored so ardently. In good time the fund will be increased to such an amount that the interest will pay the salary of another Southern Missionary.

In the Winter of 1907-08 the Southern Conventions and many Churches expressed approval for the plan that the Universalists of the Southland should unite in raising the money to erect in some city of that section a national memorial church. In May, 1908, the General Convention Trustees

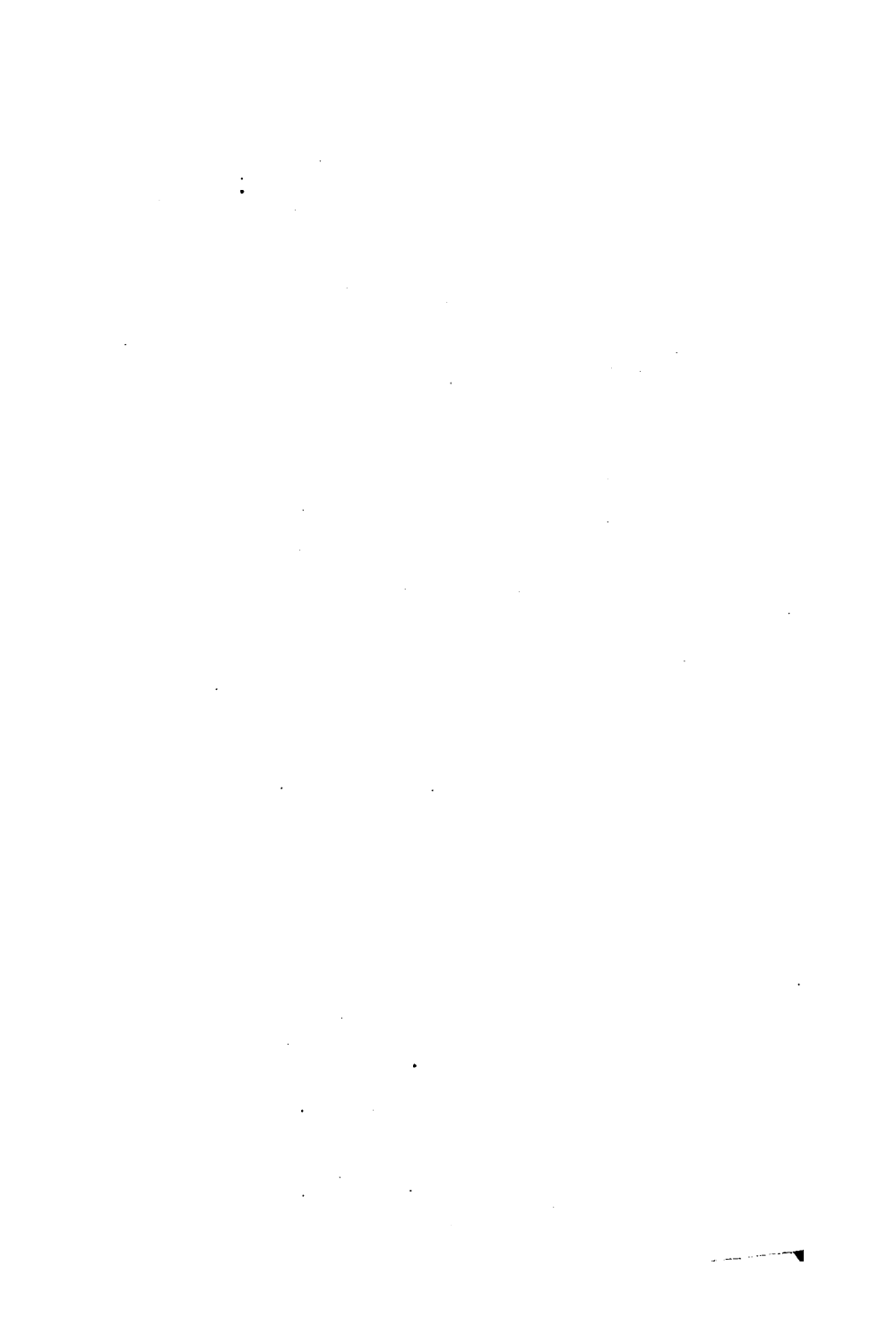
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endorsed the project. At Detroit, Michigan, October 25th, 1909, delegates from the South attending the General Convention formed "The Dr. Shinn Memorial Church Association," elected officers and appointed committees.

It was decided to undertake the erection of a structure to cost, when completed, not less than twenty-five thousand dollars, and as assistance to the Local Mission, where the said edifice should be placed, to create a general fund of ten thousand dollars, the South to be first solicited for one half of the amount named. The circulation of pledges, which began some six months later, has continued, as opportunities offered and other church enterprises would permit, and results so far reported indicate that of the sum desired from the South less than one thousand is now wanted. More than that sum has been pledged to the general fund from other sources.

In favor of the different churches, which are in a friendly competition to secure the Memorial, more than sixteen thousand dollars have been pledged. The cities are Houston, Texas, Little Rock, Arkansas, Chattanooga, Tennessee and Rocky Mount, North Carolina.

While but one Dr. Shinn Church will be erected, the plan is for the work of the Memorial Association, re-enforced by the potencies of loving memory and great faith, to issue in a new edifice for every city above named.





"THE PINES WHISPER TO THE OCEAN."

LIVING MONUMENTS

The Memorial thus assured will not only honor the heroic virtues and apostolic zeal of Dr. Shinn, but will be in every way most appropriate; for could his voice come to us out of the silence, he would say: "Build not for me a Memorial of silent stone, but of stones united in a Temple, vocal with praise, prayer and preaching — a center of labor, of love and of life that shall further the Kingdom of Heaven on earth."

Because Dr. Shinn was a Southern man, for years a Southern Missionary, it is peculiarly gratifying that his name should have the winning power by which Universalists of the Southern States are for the first time joined in taking the foremost steps for erecting a Missionary Church, that Church to be the first national memorial in honor of a Universalist minister.

Five summers have passed since Dr. Shinn welcomed to Ferry Beach the throngs which gathered to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Universalist Chautauqua. That was his last visit, and the organization of an association to perpetuate his work was a wise and timely action; his mantle fell on shoulders willing and strong. Under the official lead of Rev. O. Howard Perkins, Rev. Hervey H. Hoyt and other of the younger ministers, re-enforced by zealous laymen and tireless women, the work goes forward. The enlarged hotel "Quillen" and a new

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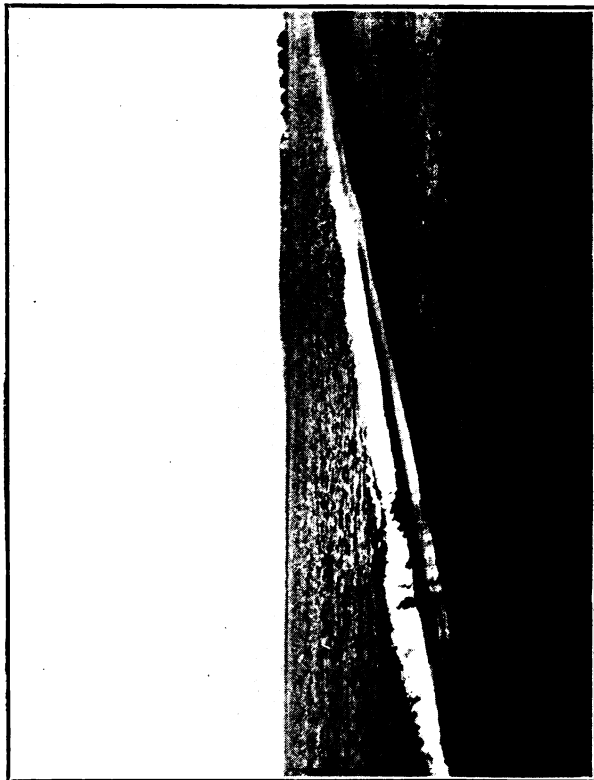
dormitory building, "The Underwood," attest continued interest and generosity.

As practiced by the founder, so the present management brings each summer competent instructors, both men and women, — clerical and lay, — to teach, to unify and inspire the hundreds of pilgrims who gather at this sacred shrine. So is being furthered the cause of Christ and so shall it continue.

The pines, as in other days, still whisper to the ocean, whose breaking waves surge back the old refrain. Voices of God were they to the man who came, listened and interpreted.

And evermore as summer days shall come and go, Universalist worshippers and workers, gathered at this dear spot, will detect in Nature's antiphonal a music of memory for the resolute pioneer, of harmony for the Gospel which he preached and of triumph for the love of God that shone resplendent in his life — the life of Quillen Hamilton Shinn.





"THE WAVES SURGE BACK THE OLD REFRAIN."

PART TWO.

"WRITTEN FOR OUR ADMONITION"

FROM THE PEN OF DR. SHINN.

CHAPTER XV.

BITS OF NATURE.

MORNING: A PRAYER.*

"OUR Father: Every morning is a fresh return of Thy loving kindness. When we sleep, the vigils of Thy love are 'round about us. At the threshold of this new day, may it please Thee to inspire us with lofty aims, so that we may rise out of our selfish selves into conscious kinship with Thee. Help us to know the mystery of Thy love, how limitless and all comforting it is and, animated by its sweet law, may we go out into this great and needy world with hearts to sympathize, with words to cheer and with hands to minister. Then shall we know the Divine Nature of our faith, the joy of Christlike living and fully realize that love is the fulfilling of the law. Amen."

FLOWERS.

"Twelve years ago today I went Maying for the first time as Pastor of a Sunday School — went with the children. It was my school in Gaysville, Vt., the best school I ever had, the brightest and most active. The little picture hanging in my study carries me back to that

* *From "The Optimist's Good Morning." By permission of LITTLE, BROWN & Co., Boston, Publishers.*

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joyful day. It was taken on the street, after we returned from our wild ramble, loaded with flowers — flowers in our hats and hands and buttonholes and belts; for, down to the least, we (all children) were crowned, garlanded, wreathed, decked, with flowers and evergreens. Oh, the wild little Indians! Again I scale the hills with them, romp on the green slopes, race through the sunny fields, scramble through the woods; then along the swollen brook to gain a crossing, or quench our thirst, and while I am helping Lottie and Aggie and Katie by the hand, the boys jump into, or leap, the stream, and, refusing the proffered cup, lie down on the white pebbles to quaff the swirling liquid, fresh and sweet, from the fountain. It was a golden day. Living it over in retrospect is pleasant; but those dear children of my first love, — for I had just begun the ministry, — where are they now? Scattered all over the land; some married rearing families, some school teachers, some filling professions, and some in Heaven where bloom the flowers that never fade.”

SUWANEE RIVER.

“The dear old song, ‘Old Folks at Home,’ or ‘Suwanee River,’ was in my mind and heart as I rambled beside this winding stream and rowed up and down its beautiful waters. It turns in every direction, is full of little islands and cascades and

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rapids and falls. Its graceful curves, as it flows between its lofty banks, circling the city and its moss-hung oaks and palms and pines that let down their festoons to shade its sparkling surface, and the fine tracery of plants and green mosses covering and adorning huge boulders and projecting cliffs — all these, combined with woodland glimpses and cloud reflections falling from the sky, make it a scene most entrancing to the lover of nature, a picture invested with an indefinable repose. In places where rocks do not wall the shore, great cypress trees send down their endless roots to brace the flowing waters, and these too are hung with tresses of moss, long and graceful. Nowhere else have I seen Spanish moss so luxuriant as along this stream. The sleepy air and all the quiet beauty seemed to blend in the pathetic melody, ‘Way down upon the Suwanee River, far, far away. Dar’s where my heart is turning eber; Dar’s where de ole folks stay.’”

THE WOODS.

“January 19th and a perfect day! The sky cloudless, the air warm and soft, the woods perfumed with all the odors fitting to soothe and tranquillize the senses. I ride through the thick forest out of the pines in among the cypress, the palms and the magnolias. On I go into the densest copse and trees and vines, push aside the

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branches that scratch the fiercest, and get caught in the meshes of the green brier now and then. What is the object? Why, that I may get close to Nature and feel her arms about me. I love this world of ours. There is beauty everywhere. Oh, the woods are so entrancing! Sometimes I envy the savage. For miles I guide my faithful animal through the thickening forest, fairly hoping that I may get lost for a day or two. It would be delightful to spend a moonlight night, such as we are having, right in this wild mesh of tangled beauty. But I must come out and find my way back for the evening service, and I will carry with me some ferns and hollies and branches from the magnolias and water oaks and palms, and mistletoe and festoons of the long, graceful mosses. And as I pass I find a spring, a great, deep glory of transparent water, and I stand and look into the mirror and watch the fishes sporting under the sun glints that warm them there. There is indescribable fascination in it all. Every sight and scent and sound is transporting. Thoughts that never came before flood the mind, a finer sight is awakened, the sky means more, the senses are more than doors opening outward; there is a transfiguration, a melting into spiritual vision, a touch of things unseen, a floating away on waves of music whose strains are never heard."

Written in Florida.

THE PETRIFIED FOREST OF ARIZONA.

“One of the wonders of this country is the petrified forest in Arizona. The station from which it is reached is Adamona, on the Santa Fé Railway. My poor pencil will fail to describe the features of this marvelous place. It surpasses in interest every other natural wonder, a wilderness of petrified wood. Far back in the past a forest of great trees, of the pine species, was submerged by some awful volcanic action. Hot liquid and lava, cooling, encased their trunks and branches, the floods of ages flowed over them and, subsiding, left deposits of stone and clay, under which the wood lay petrifying through cycles of time. Other commotions and the gradual action of the elements cut out gorges and canyons and valleys, leaving high elevations or mesa, out of the walls of which the trees and their broken branches protruded and by their tremendous weight began to break and fall, in huge blocks and fragments of every shape and color. These tumbled and rolled and were washed and carried by drifting floods out over the valley and plain and now form a wilderness of debris, extending over a vast expanse of sand and of cinders. The blocks are in every shape and position; some are six feet in diameter, solid agate, some are on end and some are lying as the trees fell. Some logs are unbroken for a distance of forty or a hundred

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feet, and some project out of a solid wall. Some lie in tree shape, but broken into short blocks or cylinders like a tree sawed into shingle cuts. A petrified tree a hundred and eleven feet long spans a deep canyon. We got from this tree and brought away with us specimens of chalcedony. Over hundreds of acres of this forest we travelled, taking pictures, gathering specimens and growing more and more enthusiastic in our admiration and wonder. Every color and tint in the rainbow is represented in this agatized wood. About us were extinct geysers, and here are pieces of part of it molded and painted by Indians in the ages long gone. Looking from these castle-shaped elevations, so fascinating, our eyes follow a circling range of far off mountains, snow-crested, and glistening in the sun. With an indefinable feeling of joy and of wonder, we came away.

“And a question in my mind was this: ‘How may such a sight-seeing journey come under the head of missionary work?’ It was easily answered. For many years I have been seeking an illustration for answering the statement we often hear, that we are to be so changed in heaven, we will not be concerned about our friends, doomed to suffer endless pain in perdition. The petrified forest helps me answer, ‘Then heaven will be like this.’ We shall have no more life of feeling than those trees turned into stone. We shall become petrified saints. What conceivable destiny could

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be worse? To be an asbestos sinner, in the world of woe, with some sensibilities remaining would be infinitely preferable. It is worth a long journey for so good an illustration as is afforded for use in the missionary field."

SNOW! SNOW!

And the hills are very white today!
"No cloud above, no earth below,
A universe of sky and snow."

"The biggest snowfall of the season at the sport of March winds! Imagine, if you please, snow-heaps higher than your head, and blockaded roads, and many families hopelessly 'snow-bound,' at least for a few days. I spoke of the faithful ox in my last. How could we ever escape from our snow prisons were it not for him? He breaks out all our roads.

"Job, the sage that thought more of snow than some of us, a man of deep penetration, had discovered its artistic beauty, had detected the delicate structure of the perfect flake and was moved to ask, 'Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow?' Nothing in creation is more beautiful. Mists and vapors of earth and sea rise in colder currents of air and are congealed, when every particle of water becomes a crystal and these crystals when frozen perfectly take the form of

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beautiful stars, every one having six points, and no two alike; what infinite variety!

“Why is it that the other seasons have so many friends and Winter so few? You look forward to the other seasons with joy and happy expectation, but you stand in awe of Winter. One says Spring is his favorite, another Summer, another Autumn, but poor old Winter no one chooses. Now, I have somewhat to say for him. Too long he has been evil spoken of. Like a hero he has stood the bolts of all your wrath. I know he has been stripped of color and aromatic delights, but has he not yielded you sweetness and gentleness at last, emitting from his icy heart the very life-currents that fill the lap of Spring with beauty and with life? Each of the four seasons that make up the years has its use in the divine economy. Inseparably connected, the life of all is woven into one fabric and makes up the warp and woof of time. One throws its shuttle into another. Prophetic Spring flows into Summer and finds its fulfillment in Autumn. But Winter is first of all the hoary father of us all. Why refuse to honor him? Why are his praises unsung?

“Save an outbursting note here and there, the poets have been silent. Upon the bosom of Spring and Summer have been laid all their wreaths, or hung upon Autumnal trees bending with their fruits. Winter seems to still the muse and hush the strains of gladness. Poets no longer

BITS OF NATURE

roam field and forest to gather music for their lays. Even the birds retreat away to sing in other climes. All the happy life of the forest is housed away, and flowing streams are locked in icy chains. The brooklet's murmur is heard no more, and the whole frolic of nature it would seem has ceased. And you do not welcome the change. A world of green for a world of seeming death is too great a change.

"But once you did not dread it so. Go back to those childhood days when diving in snow-heaps was such a delight. Envy the children, do you not? Nothing can give them greater glee. Send a snowstorm if you would make the happiness of a boy complete.

"And is it not a season of inner growth and ripening? The home altar is lit up. No signs of life in nature, no visible activity. The sap is in the trees, but it does not swell into stem and leaf and blossom. How different with man! Time of intensest activity! He turns him to the finer growths of the world within—mind and soul culture, books, music, deep meditations; thirsting for knowledge; religious quickenings; entertainments, social games; neighborhood visits and re-unions; the whole winter crowded full of intense activity. Health leaps into the veins; so this is the time to think and feel and work and grow. And if deeds of charity are not forgotten, our spirits breathe the atmosphere of a milder

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clime; the life of Christ expands and brings in its life of light."

Written in New England.

AT NIGHT.

"Long before the day is spent the shadows begin to fall. The moon, not full-grown, sheds her brightest beams to counteract the gathering darkness. Down the mountain paths the people come to early church — the mother with a babe in her arms, the father bravely carrying a larger child and behind them a trailing retinue of boys and girls, ranging from the little tottling up to rugged manhood. The choir is in its place. They have two books, but sing lustily out of these — songs tinged deep with the old theology. Let it go. The conflict between sermon and song is all unnoticed.

"After the benediction and all are gone, I must linger along the riverside. How the moonbeams play with the foaming water! Before retiring one's eyes are lifted to the highest summits and to the sky into which they melt. We sit by the fire a little while eating big red apples — Father Inman, the patriarch, re-calling the past and telling of his joyful faith. Then to the little room opening down to the river and up to the hill. Wide open the window stands to let in the music of the waters. Quickly they soothe to rest and peaceful slumber.

BITS OF NATURE

"It is a long, long time before morning breaks. You see the sun gilding the mountain tops before it is light in the valley. It is an hour at least before the frost on the cottage roof begins to melt under his falling rays.

"Oh the sweet air! The bright sunshine, the music of falling streams! I could see so far through the radiant air, so far up the mountain heights that the words came to me:

"'Deep below, as high above
Sweeps the circle of God's love.'"

North Carolina, 1906.

CHAPTER XVI.

BYWAYS AND HIGHWAYS.

LITTLE JOE.

"THERE is a little deformed boy at Gent, Texas, whom I go to see whenever I can, whose name is Joseph Hill. He cannot use his hands or his feet. He tries to talk but I could not understand him. He is intelligent, bright and loving. So appreciative is he that it does one good to show him a kindness. He knows his friends and when he sees them approaching the house it is a joy to witness his demonstrations of gladness. My desire to see Little Joe before leaving Shady Grove led me to mount a horse and ride six miles through a chilly mist which upon my return came an icy rain. But through it all there was with me the sweet compensation of an inner glow."

A TURPENTINE CAMP.

"Last night I had the happy experience of being entertained in a turpentine camp. The young men were intelligent and could teach me many things I did not know. They have lived in the woods since early childhood, are familiar with the habits of animals and adepts in the love of the forest. The 'riders' travel about fifty miles a day looking after the 'chippers.' These chippers, all negroes,

BYWAYS AND HIGHWAYS

carry a heavy instrument with which they tap or wound the tree a little higher up — above the boxes. The young man I went especially to see I received into the Church some years ago. School teaching did not agree with this 'Professor,' so he has gone back to the woods.

"Not a little missionary work is done on these visits to the various camps. Monday evening I preached in a lumber camp and remained over night with one of the 'bosses' — a strong Universalist."

AN ARIZONA BABY.

"Among the interesting incidents, as one travels across the continent, are the experiences with babies. They are often in the cars and they serve to draw people together, melt the ice of formality and restraint, and get folks acquainted. As we crossed the desert in Arizona, when the heat and sand came in waves penetrating the car, and suffocating the passengers, I took a tired baby from the nervous arms of a despairing mother, hushed its crying and soothed it away to sleep. The young mother could not have been more than twenty. She was beautiful, her attire and features showed refinement. All day and all the night before she had ridden over the desert, changing cars several times. The cowboy or miner, I don't know which, with red face and broad brimmed hat, was so thoughtful and kind

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in his rude way, that I thought him a relative or friend of the lady. No, he was a stranger, but kind and helpful. Before I came into the car, he had offered his services in generous spirit to the mother, who was most overcome with fatigue, and had taken the crying baby, walked up and down the aisle of the car vainly trying to stop its crying. But he held the little thing so awkwardly that the passengers could not suppress laughter and the scene grew exceedingly comical. 'You must be an old bachelor,' I said. 'You certainly never held a baby before,' and I took the child from his arms. At that moment the mother came forward with a flask of whisky, saying, 'Two or three drops in water will stop its colic.' 'No,' I said, 'You can't give whisky to this baby, I won't allow it. I will cure the colic, stop the pain and put the baby to sleep.' In fifteen minutes sleep had come, and I placed the resting child on the bed the mother had made for it, and for six long hours it enjoyed unbroken slumber. *Moral:* Don't give whisky to babies."

WITH THE COWBOYS.

"A day was devoted to the sport of rounding up cattle. It was my first experience with cowboys. It was a circus all the way out to the ranch. They were real boys, from fourteen to nineteen, until three men joined us at the pens, when we drove in the herds to be branded. They

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taught me how to throw the lasso, and I did succeed in roping one steer. Our horses were trained to their business. How we went flying over deep ditches! Perfectly safe, these little horses. I tried many times to make my pony step over a prairie dog, but he persisted in walking 'round it. He runs shy of them, or if in a gallop makes a long leap over them. The boys could do anything on their horses, leap on and off in a gallop, jump from one to another, stand up, ride backwards and in every shape. They would lasso each other's horses, stop or pull them on; and with perfect ease they would throw the noose over stones, stakes and bushes, as they swiftly rode. It was a cold, windy day but the exercise kept us warm. However, I was glad to alight and go into a 'Dugout,' we passed, where a family lived in comfort, sheltered from the bleak winds. At another ranch we all took dinner with a good, kind Southern family, consisting of the 'Ol' man' and 'Ol' woman' and five sons and ten daughters, all living and most all at home."

IN MEXICO.

"Strange sensations one has while wandering among the Adobe buildings of this ancient city, Juarez. Nearly all the dwellings are without floors. You see only rancid rubbish within, children crawling in the dirt, cats, dogs, chickens, goats, and, sitting on the ground, women making

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bread and cooking over a little sorry fire made of mesquite roots, or, among the better classes, the women will be sewing. No one can understand English. I talked with many bright boys and girls, but only one knew what I said. These people live just across the river from El Paso, Texas, and so hear the English language constantly, yet cannot understand a word.

"The old mission church, said to be five hundred years old, I went into, around it and on top. It was an interesting study. Within I waited long for a woman to complete her devotions on her knees with arms stretched out imploringly before the 'Mother of God.' Later she prostrated herself, mumbled her prayers and sprinkled the holy water. Most of the men seemed to be in the saloon, many in prison. The greatest building in Juarez is the prison guarded by soldiers uniformed and heavily armed. Across the street from the cathedral is the huge bull pen arena where every Sunday those who have piously worshipped in the cathedral have their religious sensibilities satiated by a cruel, heartless, dehumanizing bull fight. It out-pagans paganism, but such is the Catholic religion. A week ago Sunday in the city of Mexico two lions were slain by a fierce bull for the amusement of 'the saints.'

"The United States of America is far from perfect, yet somehow I re-crossed the Rio Grande

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with a feeling of heightened love for my native land."

A TRYING TIME IN TEXAS.*

. . . Texas, Jan. 4, 1904.

My dear Maria :

Glare of sunshine, but bitter cold! Northwest wind! Ice! Sand! A stretch of desolation dotted with houses! A desert place if there was ever one! New Year's day was spent at Sweetwater, and it was like summer. I stayed at a hotel making out reports for December. Next day, Saturday, it was bitter cold, and I took the stage, an open rattle-trap concern, for this place. Had not got out of the town when I saw I would freeze to death unless I got some protection. I went to a store and bought a blanket and wrapped it all around me. The cutting northwest wind went right through it and it blew so hard I had to hold my hat on all the way, twenty miles, and the wind would get between me and the blanket and blew the latter off repeatedly. My hat went off two or three times and so I had to clutch the ends of the blanket with one hand, hold on to my hat with the other, and as a result my hands ached fearfully and yesterday they were all swollen up and remain so yet. Deliver me from another trip like that, and yet the hack-driver sang and whistled all the way.

* From a letter to Mrs. Shinn.

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I began meetings in the courthouse here Saturday evening. The two meetings yesterday were good and will continue till Wednesday night. Large audiences present. I had to go out to dinner yesterday, last night to another place to stay all night. A little boy eight years old slept with me. We had no soap, water or towels in our room, or any way for bathing, except to go out on the porch, as they did when you were with me in Missouri. How people can make up their minds to get on in this fashion is a mystery.

Only one kind of wood, the crooked, scraggy, thorny mesquite. It is most valuable to this country, for it makes a hot fire and the cattle live on the dry leaves that fall from its branches. The sand is really a foot deep 'round about here, and when the sand storms come you can't see from one house to another across the street. You cannot see a man ten feet distant. I was to go to Hylton next Sunday, thirty-two miles from Sweetwater, but I backed out. Will go to Fort Worth, thence to Bowie. I got letters from Ed and Phil. When is Paul going to write? With a "heap" of love,

QUILL.

INTO THE NORTH CAROLINA MOUNTAINS.

"It is an interesting journey from the eastern plains of North Carolina — a vast expanse of sand and pines — to the glorious mountain pictures in

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Raleigh and Durham and Greensboro and Salisbury and many other stirring cities where the cotton spindle makes music — up, up, and at last to Asheville, the Queen of the Mountains, between three and four hundred miles. The earnest call 'come over and help us' will explain why I went up still higher in the mountains. To Canton is twenty miles. You go toward Murphy on the Southern R. R. There I am met by the Universalist patriarch of the mountains, Rev. J. A. Inman. Seventeen miles up to his home, twelve to 'Log Hill Schoolhouse,' where the services are to be held. We leave the 'Smoky Mountains' to our right, and face a solid wall, spurs of the Blue Ridge. Beyond that range and the next, Mr. Inman lives. How far it seems! We follow the sinuous stream, 'Pigeon River,' too deep to ford, and we go out of our way to find the bridge. We pass 'Joy Hill,' stop in a little vale, shut in by towering mountains, for dinner. And here 'Ballou' lives, Mr. Inman's son, named for Father Ballou. Annie, the nice little granddaughter, keeps house; pretty and bashful is Annie, but a strong Universalist, as are nearly all of Father Inman's children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren, a total of seventy-five. After the refreshing repast, with staff in hand, we begin to climb. Streams too swollen to cross, it is first proposed to go horseback — a mule and a horse. But when the missionary says, 'let's walk,' the

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motion prevails. Well, it is clambering. Steep declivities come down here and there and touch the rapid stream; we climb the spurs, follow the rock-washed mountain sides. Now we descend into a deep, narrow vale — a mill! Yes, we come upon a little corn-mill with overshot wheel, a picturesque sight, the clear water gushing down the sluiceway from the cliff above. And near by a house — Pingree's. Another son named for a Universalist minister! And Pingree keeps the post office, Lavina. He has ten children, healthy, and handsome. We continue for we must round another mountain. Soon old 'Balsam' is before us. We turn to the right and begin our climb up a stony path which leads into a wilderness of great trees, hemlock, balsam, pine, poplar, dense and dark. We are ascending 'Cold Spring Mountain,' one of the highest and most imposing of this range. Night falls. A thousand miles from civilization, it seems to me. I dare not ask if Brother Inman's home is in such a wilderness, and on the side of a perpendicular mountain. It can't be up there. There is no room. There is no opening. It is one vast, unbroken forest, a deep of wild glorious desolation. His cheerful stories beguile the way. Presently there is a glimmer, then a vista and soon the forest opens and we enter the 'Cove' — a little Eden, fields, orchards, vineyards, farmhouses, great symmetrical stonewalls, stacks of hay and grain, barns of

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cattle — how changed the scene! A great fire glows. Mrs. Inman has everything to comfort and bless. She has milked the cows, fed the stock, cooked our meal — on the hearth-stones in skillets, pots, etc. Live coals are raked out and placed under the utensils and on the lids — the old way. I tell you the bread is sweet. There is something fascinating about this primitive home. Great red apples are now roasting on the hearth. Soon, footsteps are heard. Reuben and his family — Reuben, another son — come in for prayers. I talk to the little ones. Scripture, prayer; they rise to go. The heavy babe the mother takes in her arms, the father lights his torch of spruce, they walk out into the rain and darkness. I stand gazing up the dark mountain, till the light fades and I know they have reached their home under the great trees. There is but one room in this home. I take my bed. Soon the aged couple are asleep in theirs. Next morning it pours. What about our meetings? We wait and wait. At last we descend the mountain, as we came, feel our way along the cliff and down the stream, reach Ballou's and wait. It rains in torrents. Next morning, Sunday, it will surely stop. It pours incessantly all day. But we repair to the schoolhouse and hold two meetings, — thirteen present, — and begin a building fund, for Mr. Inman wants a church. These kindred and Universalist neighbors must

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have a religious home. This has been the dream of his lifetime. He has but little of this world's goods, what he has dug out of the stones. But he begins the subscription with one hundred dollars.

"Read this! Notwithstanding Brother Inman's great desire to establish Universalism among his people in his mountain home he is interested in Japan. He is anxious about our mission there. He wants it to succeed. He handed me five dollars for the Japan Mission. How this should rebuke every Universalist in the land who has some pretext for not giving of his means, especially the rich — for our mission in Japan."

From "EIGHT DAYS IN THE SADDLE."

"For a number of years before I dreamed of being a missionary here among the mountains, I had been planning a trip through the White Hills on horseback, my favorite mode of riding. Horseback riding should never have grown obsolete, — it never shall with me, and, old or young, every horse I own must come under the saddle and be trained to all the easy and graceful gaits. With 'Billy' (I call him Bill when he doesn't go right), my last and best horse, I started yesterday on the anticipated trip leaving my home on 'Ward's Hill,' Plymouth, N. H.

"'Won't you get tired?' friends asked as I

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passed through the village. 'Well, one reason why I go alone is because people North are not used to horseback riding, and if I had a companion he would give out and my journey would be hindered.'

"'But won't your horse give out?' 'Yes, as some ride, he would. There are men who would kill him riding ten miles.'

"One brought up to horseback riding is saddened when he sees riders go up when their steeds go down. That space between the saddle and the rider is unreasonable. A good rider is a part of his horse, partakes of every motion, and this is easy for the rider as for the animal; subdues every gait of the animal to a poetic grace, giving the rider a bearing, proud and stately. The motion of the rider should be as natural as that of a canary swinging in its cage. My horse, with his master's care, will go thirty to forty miles a day and be fresh every morning. . . .

"When a man said, 'You ride like a Virginian,' it touched my vanity a little, for when I turn my face to the Presidential range of mountains which never stood out so perfectly in all their grandeur as this morning, there in their majesty I behold Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Munroe, all Virginians. And I think of the great history of that noted State, and also of the brave young State, born out of the throes of battle which became mine own when it was born, and which

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so nobly gave its blood to save the Union, West Virginia.

"When you ascend Mt. Washington by rail the most beautiful picture your eyes rest upon, and, in contrast with the grandeur and majesty of the hills piled so high, is the valley whose sweet, sunny fields, not all green but golden — for harvests of wheat ready for the sickle smile on every side — bewitched my morning ride as I came up to Jefferson.

"Add to this picture, what you could not see from the lofty height, great red oxen, the sheep and the cows standing in the brooks, or lying on the green and you have something indescribably soothing, so lifelike and tranquil that its enchantment must long remain. So it seemed good to me to be in the picture, when looking off and up I saw the great frame to the picture, the soft foothills, and for their background an environment of mountains, stretching to the sky. For a while Cherry Mountain hid La Fayette and the Franconias, but when the Hill was reached and I stood with Mount Starr King at my back and looked southward, the field of vision cleared, the humbler mountains bowed courteously out of the way, and there, as if one continuous range from Madison to Moosillaue, was a panorama of inexpressible magnificence."

NIGHT IN THE GLEN.

“Though it was spent in a humble home there was grandeur in it. The consciousness of being guarded by majestic sentinels gave such a sense of security as to make my slumbers peaceful and confiding. There in the perfect stillness in the sublime hush of the mountains my being was soothed into dreams too bright and transporting ever to fade from memory. The precipitous mountains on either side rising to the sky shut out the world and shut in my thoughts and the stars that looked down into the little window at my feet solicited an aspiration to the great being whose arms were beneath and around. I breathed a prayer, simple and short, for it faded quickly into the dream that stole away my weariness, fastening its spell upon me until the morning sun threw its shafts of light and scattered all the shadows. At an early hour, breakfast over, I mounted my horse, bade adieu to the host, who had entertained me with many a legend and story of the hills, and now gave me a parting one to ponder, and rode up the majestic glen. How could I help being transported, so perfect the morning, so pure and transparent the air, so blue and serene the sky, so grand the unrolling scenes bursting upon my vision. Even my steed catches the inspiration as if impressed with the enchantment

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that thrilled his rider, and lifts himself into an imperial gait."

"And here I wish to mention something that makes me glad. Mr. J. A. Dodge, General Manager of the Railroad, to whom I am indebted for many favors, is a noble man, *and* he hates tobacco. He will not allow smoking by his men in any office or on any platform from one end of the road to the other. He loves to see his great engines do their work, puffing and smoking, but this other kind of smokestack he detests. He said to me, "It makes me indignant when I see a minister smoking, and I will never pay one cent for the support of a pastor who uses tobacco."

MISSIONARY WORK.

"I am not on a pleasure trip wholly; the grandest recreation I get is working to spread our faith. Every liberal thinker in all this region is my parishioner. I own the mountains. Upon entering a new place the first impulse is to find if any Universalists are there. Missionary work! I can no more keep it out of a pleasure excursion than I can keep Universalism out of my sermons. Though yesterday was not one of my days in the saddle, I must give account of it. Being Sunday, a word for the faith must be spoken. Since I entered the ministry, twelve years ago, I have never spent an idle Sunday. If on a vacation, wherever I am, I hold a meeting in a hall or

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Union Church or schoolhouse or grove. Or, if there is a vacant Universalist Church, one that is now closed, its rusty door hinges turn in response to my command, and its windows are raised to let in once more the pure air and light. 'But we have no funds,' the parties usually write. I answer, 'I don't want any funds. All I ask is open your church.' And it is opened. Does it hurt a minister to preach once in a while without compensation? But, frequently compensation comes, for interest is revived by one who gives his message freely, and the return is the best possible, for the people give of their own free will without being asked and they contribute more than money, and that 'more' is the most appreciated pay I ever receive. . . .

"The day is beautiful and to my delight the pretty church is filled with earnest, zealous, sympathetic worshippers, a congregation that numbered over two hundred, I should say. Talking to them was a delight, gratifying in the extreme it was to find such an earnest, faithful church and all appreciative parishioners of the little child I used to hold in my arms, my half-brother, Rev. L. F. Fortney. . . .

"And here is another morning. Floods of light are all around me with enchantments I cannot describe. The walls of the hills on either side impress their sublimity upon my mind, but their rugged grandeur stupefies the senses. From the

study of it all, the beauty and the wildness, my mind is suddenly diverted, the picture is marred; a drunkard rises from the roadside and tries to walk — filthy, ragged and dishevelled he staggers on. His bleared and bloodshot eyes looked up, oh, how pitifully as I passed. Poor fellow, had he chosen the pure water of these mountains as his beverage, he would walk straight and be a man. So sweet and exhilarating is the mountain water that I drink it when I am not thirsty. Why do men prefer the vile poisons of the still? This ragged sot is no worse than those finely dressed young men and old men too, who are tipping day after day and night after night. Are they not on the road along which he has advanced a little farther? Drunkards as much as he is, save they have not graduated yet? They twirl their canes, flash their jewelry, glimmer and simper and yet so long as they go down into the vile den of smoke and liquor which the hotel thinks it must have, can they come out of these places to the full enjoyment of life and to the appreciation of nature's marvels of spreading and piled-up scenery? No, no more than the poor drunkard and they are no better than is he. And as I am not ashamed to talk with them I will not shrink from the society of this drunkard. So, at my request, he sits beside me on my horse. The right key I seem to touch and impressively he tells me the story of his wasted life. He gives me

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a temperance lesson and I have only repeated it here as a warning to the young. . . .

"With grateful heart never more rested and refreshed from the great fountains of life, but with eagerness to see the dear ones into whose presence this sweet evening twilight will bring me, and with heart throbbing at the thought, I ride up the other side of Ward Hill from whence I descended nine days ago and here end my eight days in the saddle."

CHAPTER XVII.

THE MINISTRY OF HOME.

THE INDISPENSABLE PERSON.

“THE one person indispensable to the home is mother. High regard for her, the noblest of all earthly friends, is a sign of nobility. Most great men bear testimony to the supreme worth of mother-love. It was Washington who said, ‘All that I am, I owe to my mother.’ The mother of the Wesleys had ability to manage an empire as well as a family. Her wisdom sounded in the sermons of her son, John, and her emotion is singing around the world in the hymns of her son, Charles. The mother of Sir Walter Scott was a lover of poetry, and parental influence helped to make that man what he became. Napoleon’s mother was a woman of prodigious energy. The greatest thing in the world, the sublimest, made tangible to the children of men, is motherhood and mother-love.

“A mother’s influence over her children can never be measured. In after years, when they have gone astray, no influence like a mother’s love to bring them back from their wanderings! How the mother-heart types God — its tender solicitude and loving sympathy! A mother’s prayer oftentimes may shield us and we know it not.

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The sweet intercession is heard in heaven. The wayward child may only feel a strong impulse to change his life, and may ascribe it to some trivial circumstance, while God and mother are in it all. If there is a tender place left in the heart, it will be touched when memory carries the wandering boy back to the old home, and he thinks of the one who folded him to her arms and kissed away his tears. I called on a man in New York City, who was absorbed in business, and I felt that my call was an annoyance. But when the old home among the green mountains was mentioned and the mother's name, the hard lines softened. He sat down and soon all business cares vanished — for the conversation was about the aged mother, who had been my parishioner (and a mother to me). The tender springs of memory were touched, and we were taken into the past. Your aged mother gave all the strength and buoyancy of her life for you; gave herself by slow degrees; gave all forces and affections and hopes and prayers of her early life, and has continued this giving and toiling while you have grown from childhood to manhood. When you sleep in innocence, in sweet unconsciousness of the solicitude that slumbered not, that best of all earthly friends, mother, sat by your bedside keeping watch. How many sleepless nights, weary and anxious nights — she bent over you and bathed your fevered forehead and kissed your burning lips with nothing in her

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heart but love and solicitude; and you may remember when you first left the parental roof to go out into the world, how she knelt by your bedside and took your hand in hers and silently poured out her mother-heart in prayer. It was the last night at the old home, and the very light and life of that home was emptied into your life and here I but hint a memory that follows me in all my travels like a hovering angel."

THE MOST IMPORTANT BOOK.

"I want to recommend the Bible as by far the most important book for every home. When we give ourselves to its study regularly and carefully, it becomes fascinating, inspiring and even thrilling. It is the selected literature of fifteen centuries, written by forty or fifty different authors; written centuries apart, in unlike languages for various purposes and in many a literary form. It includes law, history, poetry, fiction, biography and philosophy. It should be read as literature and interpreted and judged as literature. It is somewhat like a gallery of paintings, in which some works may be originals and others copies. To believe in the Bible is one thing; to believe in the canonicity of every book in the Bible is a very different thing. Luther believed in the Bible, though he rejected the epistle of James and Dr. Adam Clark believed in the Bible, though he rejected Solomon's Song.

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“Although the Bible is not a single book but many, a common spirit animates and a common character belongs to it; otherwise, it would never have borne the semblance of a book for so many years and in so many minds. These literary remains were not collected together by an ecclesiastical council, nor by one authorized editor. We do not fully know how either the Old Testament books or those of the New Testament were brought together. They combined, apparently, by a process of natural affinity, for there is something in common in the books of law and poetry, of history and fiction, of biography and philosophy which unites them; there is a principle of attraction, of cohesion which is moral, not mechanical or ecclesiastical. The writings of Moses, of Isaiah, of David and of Paul, of the unknown authors of the books of Kings and of Hebrews have characteristics in common — a spirit of life which unifies them in one book.

“It is this life, which makes the literature sacred and this sacredness of the different parts is exactly proportioned to the measure of this life spirit which they respectively contain. It is least in such a chapter as the twenty-first of Joshua; it is greatest in such chapters as the one hundred and third Psalm.

“Now the spirit which unifies all this literature is expressed in the word *promise*. Promise is the golden thread which binds all together, the

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promise of God to his children whereby he bestows upon them what otherwise they could not have possessed through lack of knowledge that it was theirs to possess.

“The Bible of the Old and New Testaments makes up the will by which a father bequeaths an inheritance to his children. The first five books are those of law, but the commandments come with a condition and with a promise. ‘If ye will be obedient, ye shall receive.’ The historical books are the records of God’s fulfillment of these promises to the people and often of their failure to fulfill their own promises and of the disastrous results in national life. Hebrew poetry is also prophecy and the song of the prophet, whether he is an Isaiah mounting like a lark above the storm or a Jeremiah singing, like the nightingale, a song in the dark, is always a pæan of promise.

“The life of Christ is the story of the beginning of the fulfillment of promises which had cheered the faithful in the darkest hours of Judea’s apostasy and ruin; the letters of Paul are the unfolding of that fulfillment in spiritual experience, ever pointing to a richer and yet richer fulfillment in the ever-increasing crescendo movement of the future; and the literature of promise ends with an apocalyptic vision of the perfecting but never perfected fulfillment in the latter days. Like a symphony, weaving endless variations around one simple theme, which, obscure at first,

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grows stronger and clearer, until finally the whole orchestra takes it up in one magnificent choral, conquering all obstacles and breaking through all hidings is our Bible. Abraham is beckoned out of the land of idolatry by the finger of promise; Joshua is cheered in danger and in prison by a dream of promise; Moses is called by promise from his herding in the wilderness to lead a nation of promise into a land of promise; Joshua is called to his captaincy with reiterated promises; by promise Gideon is inspired, and by promise is David sustained in the cave of Adullam and in the palace at Jerusalem. From Isaiah to Malachi the note of promise, before broken and fragmentary, sounds without a pause; the shepherds are brought to Christ by an angelic message of promise; he begins his ministry by a sermon which promises glad tidings to the poor and ends it in his ascension with a promise of his return. Paul lives on promise as on manna heaven-descended declaring in the midst of great tribulations we are saved by hope, and John closes the canon with a book whose glory is like that of a setting sun which promises a clear to-morrow. In no home can this, the best of all books, be read carefully and prayerfully without there coming a great uplifting faith. It will make the reader brave and strong; it will make him fearless, self-sacrificing and put the iron of endeavor into his soul. Obstructions will melt away and he will

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be able to say as said another, 'I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me.'"

THE ADEQUATE FAITH.*

"———, ———, 1883.

Rev. Q. H. Shinn, D.D.,

Dear Sir:

My excuse for addressing a perfect stranger is that my heart is burdened with great sorrow and I come seeking for comfort and consolation. Two weeks ago the news came that my son, in Texas, had been accidentally shot and killed. This great sorrow is crushing me. I feel as if I never can be reconciled to it. I could give up my darling had he been a Christian. He was a good boy, kind to all, thoughtful of his parents, had many friends, was a general favorite and genial and whole-souled, but oh to think that he has gone down to everlasting punishment! This terrible thought, it seems, will kill me. I think of what is said in God's holy book, 'I will have mercy on whom I will.' If I could feel that my boy was not lost, what a burden would be taken from my poor broken heart. Can you comfort me? Please tell me what your views are of this and give the Bible proofs.

Yours sincerely,*

* Parts of a letter to Dr. Shinn from a Baptist mother and his reply.

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To the above letter Dr. Shinn replied as follows:

“Plymouth, N. H., Feb. 27th, 1883.

My afflicted friend:

I can only write a word now but will come and see you next week. I sympathize with those in trouble and I never expect to be satisfied in heaven, with any fellow-being suffering in hell. My whole soul rebels against such a doctrine. God is good to us now. Will he ever cease to be good to his wayward children? Will he ever close any door or gate against his own offspring? You wish your son, so dear to you, to have opportunity in the future life to become better. You are not more tender and loving toward him than his Heavenly Father. Will not God do even better for him than you could possibly do? If he does not, it will be either because he will not or because he cannot. If he will not, then he is not infinitely good; if he cannot, he is not infinite in power; he is not almighty.

The New Testament teaches that God is love. You know the nature of love; you know what it is in your own heart. It is the same in the heart of God. How long does Jesus picture that the shepherd will search for the lost sheep? Five years? Ten years? A hundred years? No! ‘Until he findeth.’ He never gives up the pursuit. And so our Heavenly Father does not limit our opportunity of salvation to this short

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life. The best Christian living is not fully saved; has not attained to the highest. This life is our primary school. We are only beginning to grow here. God gives the century plant a hundred years to blossom in. Will he not give your son, his own child, a longer period? Your boy was unselfish, you say, had a generous nature, was kind in the home. Perhaps he was better, applying the Master's test, "By their fruits ye shall know them," than many a narrow, selfish professor of religion. Christianity is sufficient for the human soul in its worst straits of suffering. It will satisfy the deepest yearnings of the heart. When it does not, it is, I think, because it is not rightly understood. When one is brought to grief, as you are, and crushed by bereavement, there is but one faith that will satisfy and that is Universalism. Cheer up then. The good in every human soul cannot perish. Evil and sin will be destroyed; the good will be saved. Discard your old thoughts for they dishonor God. I can show you doctrines that will throw sunshine into the darkest passages of human life. Universalism can bring you life and peace. Believe just one thing now — that the heart of God is more tender, loving, compassionate and forgiving than your own.

Yours sincerely,
Q. H. SHINN."

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Happy results followed the above correspondence. Of it Dr. Shinn wrote: "It took a long time for her to think it all out. But some months later at the close of a service in the neighborhood of her residence she came to me with tears of joy and said: 'The Bible is a new book, and everything is different now. I have a new earth and a new heaven.'"

WHEN SHADOWS LENGTHEN.

"Blessed is the home which ministers to those whose shadows are lengthening. Aged people are needed. God never lets any of his children live too long. The aged are needed, as a passive influence, and their old-fashioned virtues are to be respected. They make the world better, more reverent in manner, more gentle in tone. However infirm and helpless they become, they can never outlive their usefulness. We have their benediction, their prayers and more. For the old rocking chair in the quiet corner of so many homes, who can estimate its silent influence? Quiet, yet busy, is grandmother, for those aged hands are not content in idleness. If she can do no more than knit—she knits. She must do something for our comfort.

"The tenderness and love bestowed in nursing and watching over the aged will reflect back in richer blessing to ourselves, and we shall not grow weary. With advancing age the sight grows

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dim; we can help them see. Their ears grow deaf; we can help them hear. Their bodies are infirm; we can support their trembling steps. In thus serving the blind, deaf and lame, we do simply what God is doing for us — his blind erring children.

“How different now are the ways and customs from what they were in that past, enshrined so sacredly in the lives of the aged. They see fashion holding its sway and making life artificial. When they were young, sham and shoddy and show were little known. Homes have changed. They used to be plain and substantial, appreciated all the more because of the few comforts they contained. They lacked ornaments. The Bible then was on the center-table, a book much used and highly prized. Now, all is changed — domestic habits, the general home life, occupation, the ways men eat and sleep and live. Old-fashioned implements are supplanted by modern machinery. The spinning-wheel and loom are no longer a part of the household furniture. The cheerful fireplace is gone, and gone the old friends with whom they toiled and wrought in their youthful days; gone the loved ones of the household whose lives made living a joy. They fall back, as it were, in the rear and feel a sense of desertion which renders their lot often more lonely still.

“To be sure, there are some things which do not

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change. All the realities are real still. Truth is the same and the revelations of time but add to its luster. Love is the same, its ties having been deepened and sympathies having strengthened and broadened with the passing years. With the very decay of the perishable nature comes a stronger conviction of immortality. And God has not changed — only to appear more beautiful in his character, more perfect in his attributes. He is seen more and more as the loving Heavenly Father revealed in Christ and his purposes are better understood. Here then are some compensations for the lonely pilgrim.

“But it remains that when fathers and mothers reach this stage of life, they should have greater consideration and care. We may not covet so many years, yet the years may come to us, and if they do, we shall need the patient ministry of our children, for we shall be as are these, now given to our keeping — God’s infants.

“It is a delight to know of so many loving, faithful children and grandchildren too, who delight in waiting on the aged, who deem it a pleasure to be permitted to watch over, bless and love them. They want them in their homes, want them to have the sunniest spot, the best seat and the choicest of everything. How fondly is everyone anticipated. How they try to excel in deeds of tenderness and little offices of love. I have known sons and daughters in different

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communities to pass the mother 'round from one to another, all anxious for their turn to come and equally reluctant to let her go.

"A lady gave as a reason for not going away from home, that she wanted to be with her aged mother and enjoy her society while yet she was spared to her. She felt it a loss to be absent from her a single day, knowing that these precious days would be few. She watched, with tenderest love, the lines that time was deepening upon that sweet old face, noted every symptom of increasing age. And one day when the earth had put on its beautiful garments and the air was redolent with blossoms, a telegram summoned me two hundred miles away to a service that I shall always remember, not as a funeral, but as a sort of a heavenly feast; for visitants were there from another world. The unfaltering faith of those filial, loving hearts seemed to pervade and illumine the place, so that we seemed to stand not in the presence of death, but of a beautiful transfiguration; and a new vision of immortality came with the light that lit up and flooded the room. In that home there was a great void when that mother went away. It is still there, but with the same light, the same vision, the same confidence in God, the same calm, sweet spirit of submission to the Father's will and the same deathless affection."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE UNIVERSALIST CHURCH.

I. OUR LAYMEN.

“HE is not a Universalist who is unwilling to do something for the faith — to carry its joys and consolations to other hearts. Theory does not make a Universalist; practice does. What can a Universalist layman do? Many things! If living in an obscure country district where he has no church, he can send and get a minister to preach, if not on Sunday, on a week-day evening in the district schoolhouse or in his own home. Unless poor, he can pay the preacher for spending a Sunday and so become the means of letting his neighbors, who never heard, know something of the joyful tidings of a world's redemption; and some one will be greatly comforted. In every community lives somebody whose soul yearns for a hope broader than it has received. If the layman is not able to pay, a minister will be glad to go to him for nothing.

“Again, the isolated Universalist can give something for his faith; he ought to consider this a duty, for he too must help make Universalism universal. Some laymen act on the principle that Universalism will take care of itself. Oh, no! It is in the hands of its believers. And

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money must be contributed for its extension. The up-to-date Universalist welcomes the missionary who comes to him for money, and says: 'I am glad to see you, I want to do my part; my faith is priceless, it is worth more than all the world besides, and I cannot be satisfied unless I am carrying to others its peace and its joy.'

"In truth, no man knows the full joy of Universalism until he sends it to another; and, in fact, he cannot keep it for himself in its fullness, unless he is sending it abroad. It may be necessary for him to do it at a sacrifice — so much the better, for then its value rises.

"As for the layman who is a member of a Church and enjoying its regular ministries, he should be ashamed, if, while his name is found on the list of contributors to the home Church, it is not also found among those who regularly assist in missionary endeavors. The Churches that thrive, are the ones which are contributing largely in planting missions wherever needed. To generously support one's own Church and give nothing for church extension is a form of selfishness and selfishness kills.

"Every Universalist layman should also engage in some personal work along religious lines or in some social or fraternal enterprise which is an adjunct of religion. In this way, he will find out the need of a more accurate knowledge, a greater tactfulness, the worth of patience and long suffer-

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ing, and so he will soon be more in sympathy with his pastor and a greater power for good in the community. No man liveth unto himself, nor must he allow his Church to live unto itself. Right adjustment to the sources of life makes life and growth and fruition.

"And every layman who is head of a Universalist family, no matter where he lives, should, without fail, provide his home with a Universalist paper, *The Leader* or *The Herald*. Little can be known about the work being done without such a medium. Parents have no right to expect their children to grow up interested in their Church work if unfamiliar with the institution, and getting no incentive from the printed page. Children see other causes represented in the periodical on the table and if there is no paper setting forth the religion professed by the parents, the children will believe that the religion is esteemed lightly. We lose children from our Church because parents are so often unwilling to expend a dollar or two for keeping a religious periodical in the home. When I asked a man the other day to subscribe for one of our papers, he replied, 'I have more reading than I can attend to now.' I asked him if he had brought his children up in the faith, that he himself professed, and he said they had gone into other churches. Let us turn over a new leaf in this matter and let it be a leaf of our denominational paper in and for one's own home."

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II. OUR YOUNG PEOPLE.

"Any church may well be proud of such young people as are represented at the conventions of our National Young People's Christian Union. They are bright, intelligent and devoted. Here is an organization of our Church that is truly national. The organization exists not for itself but for the whole Church. The little army will grow strong and will solve many problems of the Universalist Church. It will enter new fields, South and West, get ministers for vacant pulpits and for new ones to be created, it will bravely face the strongest foe, clear away obstructions and achieve victories of which we have not dreamed. It is now training men for our pulpits and for other important offices of the Church. What an inspiration to be with them. It gives one a thrill such as the young soldier felt marching under Grant on to Appomattox. I have faith that what the Y. P. C. U. undertakes it will accomplish.

"And the secret of its continued success will be in the fact that it is not a mere literary society, nor chiefly a financial organization, nor primarily for social purposes, but first, last and all the time for spiritual culture, for the furtherance of religious motive, distinctly for Christ and his Church.

"The Y. P. C. U. came into existence to supply

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one specified development of our young people. The great results of the Christian Endeavor Society in other denominations revealed to us this need in the Universalist Church. So, in a providential manner, the Y. P. C. U. was formed with the essential Christian Endeavor feature as its basis. This is not to raise money, nor for the circulation of literature, nor to provide entertainments, but for the education of the young in Christian living and in Christian work. The pledge feature is simply a help in making young people feel and assume responsibility. If this one great object shall ever be lost sight of, the organization will degenerate to the level of all other young people's societies, becoming simply a literary or social institution and, without great ideals and sublime objects, will disintegrate and pass away. But such will not be the case. Young people are religious beings; it is more important to provide for the religious than for the social or mirthful nature. In the past while we were getting up fun for our young folks, they were being swept from us by partialist Churches in spite of the harsh doctrines taught. We wondered why. Now we know. We were not doing our duty in the matter of religious development. Amusements I believed in. Athletic sports, unless carried to excess, are not to be condemned. But they are incidental, and we miss our calling when we give time and energy to providing these

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for our young instead of the spiritual nurture which is of first importance. Let us not make the Church a clubroom or a play-house lest reverence shall disappear and religious sentiment be but a memory. I rejoice constantly in the religious loyalty and devotion on the part of our young people. I believe they will work a revolution in our Church not only in individual lives, but in our organization as well.

"Personal purity will be promoted in our churches everywhere through this new movement. In nearly all of our young people's unions the leaders are free from the vile habit of tobacco. It is going to be harder for a smoking minister to find a settlement; it ought to be so. And I promise to do all that is in my power to make it hard. Don't be offended brethren, you know my position is right, and I glory in the attitude of our Y. P. C. U. on this important matter.

"It seems clear to me now that the time is coming and is almost here when we will have no longer inactive churches with closed doors. Our Y. P. C. U. will overcome all that. Lay preachers will be trained and also a class of workers who will not allow a church to remain closed. The doors will be opened; the dingy windows will be pushed up; the stagnant air will be displaced by God's sunshine and, 'mid earnest prayer and joyous song, the young people will knock till every door is opened, whether of church or of mind and heart,

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too long dead to the Master's calls. Look! Listen! Keep step to the new movement! Fall in line!"

III. OUR WOMEN.

"It seems to me that every woman in our church must recognize the need of such an organization as our Women's National Missionary Association. It is needed to help the great work we are called to do as Universalists. By connecting herself with a local mission circle a woman, not only becomes a member of the state and national missionary societies of her church, but an agent for planting our faith in new and larger fields. We can do nothing except as individual believers unite to make the larger bodies.

"What can general organizations do if individuals refuse to work? And how inconsistent for individuals to complain because so little work is being done, so little money raised and expended by missionary societies, if they excuse themselves from joining such societies. Usually they are the ones who do complain. Now, is the system a wise one? Do we need it, that the women of the Universalist Church may accomplish the work they are capable of doing? If you think so, don't wait; form a 'mission circle.' Have not our women hit upon a splendid system? Think! Wherever a few believers live, in town or country,

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too few to have a church and services of a minister, they can unite together in 'mission circles' and besides enjoying each other's society, giving and receiving congenial religious sympathy — needed by all souls — they can have the still greater satisfaction of being useful to the Church, useful in spreading the great faith that has made rich their lives. We have the true Christian missionary spirit only when filled with a great desire to carry to other lives the message that has brought joy to ours. And we must have more than the desire. We must have the disposition, the will, the determination. So, it will be a privilege, a pleasure and certainly a duty, to unite with these 'mission circles.' Wherever three women — material for officers, President, Secretary and Treasurer — may meet together, a circle can be formed. Send for a Constitution and organize. Your President, she cannot reach you all. Don't wait. Send her a letter and cheer her heart by saying, 'We want to organize a mission circle, send us a model Constitution.' Are you proud of your local Church until this is done? Pay one dollar each of you and it can be done. See? Take your choice: be a Universalist and be ashamed of your Church, or be a Universalist and be proud of your Church. How much is the faith worth? If it is not worth a dollar a year for missions, I would give it up and join the Partialist Church, and extend the belief in endless

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woe. Just one question: Are you willing to withhold one dollar a year and see your Church fail, or contribute one dollar a year and see it win? Win 'till it shall be said of you, and those who like you make up our Women's Missionary Association: 'These are they who have turned many to righteousness, and they shall shine as the brightness of the firmament and as the stars, forever and forever.'"

IV. OUR MINISTERS.

"My garden is going to yield poorly this year. By the late frost and the early drought of the chilly winds of the present week it has been fatally stunted. In one of our states a number of Churches have been fatally stunted — I fear their growth permanently stifled — by the blighting influences of ministers who did not know the meaning of their high calling, or knowing, were unfaithful.

"I call a minister immoral who does not practice purity of speech. Indecent language, slang phrases, words that taint, and which could not be properly spoken in refined society, ought never to be used by a minister. If his people have occasion to be ashamed of him anywhere, his influence with them is lost forever. If vile themselves, they are ashamed of grossness in their minister. They feel that he ought to be a little

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better than they are. A buffoon will do far more harm than good in the ministry. If he lounges and loafs with the foul-mouthed, his influence for good departs forever, even though he be a man of good principle in other ways.

"I call a minister immoral, also, who is governed by his lower appetites. It may be an inherited weakness and he may be an object of pity, so that there is a demand for the exercise of Christian charity. But the life business of such a man should not be that of a religious teacher. A man too weak for self-control should not be tolerated in this sacred office. He should be exposed and dismissed as soon as the terrible defect is known; else his influence will be demoralizing and fatal.

"I call a minister immoral who is intemperate. Whatever was tolerated in clergymen of olden times in this respect, it will not do today, for a man in this high calling to take, in any form, spirituous liquors. Let a minister, however brilliant, however beloved by his people, however acceptable as pastor and preacher get to drinking and he at once loses the respect of all; his people are ashamed of him and they become disheartened, and the Church receives a blow from which it will take many years for it to rise. There is another habit, not so shocking and terrible and yet almost as mischievous in its baleful influence over young men. And I refer to it very cautiously and tenderly from the fact that some of our most

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beloved and successful ministers have not yet given it up.

"Tobacco! I hope the time will speedily come when our ordaining councils will refuse to confer ordination upon young men who refuse to abandon this inexcusable habit. I will vote never to ordain a man who uses tobacco in any form.

"I regard a minister as immoral who does not pay his debts. When a minister goes away from a church owing every business man in town, that church is left in a deplorable condition. It may never rise again. It will require years and the life work of some honest man to counteract the evil done by such a faithless pastor. He should never be settled over another parish until he pays every cent he owes. No state convention should transfer him to another. It is all wrong. We have societies, as well as other sects, lying dormant and blackened because of these old unpaid debts. If a minister can't pay his honest debts, let him go out of the ministry.

"I will not be silent on this question, for I know the mischief that has been done. All our people know it. It is time to speak and protest. Would that our fellowship committees had courage to do their duty!

"Listen. If the minister's inability to pay what he owes is because his church has withheld the payment of the salary due, then the immorality of the situation attaches not the pastor, but to the

parish or individuals who belong thereto. As a rule, Universalist ministers are pure, temperate and honest; they are self-sacrificing, heroic and noble, and churches should confide in them and see that a generous support is furnished.

"Occasionally, a church falls into decay under the leadership of an upright pastor because that pastor is too indefinite, too vague and uncertain. He talks too much about 'Truth for Authority,' and too little about 'The spiritual authority of Jesus Christ.' Of course 'truth is authority,' when we know what the truth is, but take our affirmation of 'The universal Fatherhood of God.' The world received that not by evolution but by revelation. Christ is our authority for this sublimest truth, believed and cherished by man. When a minister ceases to regard Jesus as authority, he steps away from the bed-rock of faith, and drifts into those vague 'Universals' fascinating to many who call themselves liberals and who seem to be well equipped with circumference, but without any center. A Christian minister who has no authority for truth is groping in the dark, and his church is sure to dwindle, while the one who takes the Christ as his authority proclaims a definite message and is competent for successful leadership."

CHAPTER XIX.

EXTENDING THE FAITH.

I. THE MISSIONARY.

“OUR Church has had missionaries. We have some now, but the supply is meager while the demand is great. There ought to be adjustment here. It puzzles one to know why partialist churches get missionaries for every field they desire to enter. Our faith is more truly evangelical than any other. It means something better for all. Is not that good news? And spreading this is missionary work. The very faith compels every believer to be a missionary. He is to help make the doctrine true. If there is a Universalist idle, content in doing nothing for his faith, he is a counterfeit, a disgrace to our Church. But what of ministers? I see not why one ever thinks of being a Universalist minister unless he is willing to go wherever called or enter every field where souls are hungry for his message. I may not have enough of this spirit, but this I know, I hardly ever pass a schoolhouse without thinking there is somebody in this neighborhood who never heard our doctrine; how I would love to preach in that schoolhouse and make at least one soul happier. This is what I conceive to be the missionary spirit. And it must be strong enough to counteract the

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love of ease. It must make us love hardship more than luxury. It must be cultivated to the point of willing, cheerful sacrifice. It must charge the soul of every Universalist minister with heroic fire. When will every minister in our Church learn to say: 'Here am I, send me?' When this spirit shall take possession of our ministry there will be no difficulty in getting men for Japan, and for all other inviting fields. To account for why this is not so is more than I can understand. Of course the secular spirit pervading all things has something to do with it. What about the training our young ministers receive in the theological schools? Is it true that many of them begin to look for easy places before their course is finished? Heroes are not looking for easy places. The ambition to be anything less should take a young man into some other vocation, or into a ritualistic Church, where only elocution is demanded of him. What is promised by our theological professors? Christ promised the ministers he chose Martyrdom. Would it not be a wise thing to have a missionary chair in each of our divinity schools to give special training for the mission field? It is needless to add that this professor should himself have received his training in the very hardest mission field. A kind of West Point discipline should be administered. Let the candidate for our ministry be promised not a thousand-dollar salary for the first year but 'martyrdom.' As I look back I can

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easily see that things were made too easy for me. In our anxiety to get more men we receive into our training schools very unpromising material, and we offer prizes that have a wonderful attraction for people who love things they don't have to work for. I am bold in saying that young men who are not ready to undertake hard things who are not willing to sacrifice much, and certainly such as are not willing to give up such inexcusable habits as the use of wine and tobacco, are not fit for Universalist missionaries. I know that the tobacco part of my statement is hard on some who are splendid fellows. I can't help it. I want to make them angry with me if only that will stir them to the heroism they are capable of. The greatest faith calls for the Church of the faithful.

"Let us cultivate the missionary spirit. It is our great need. We must educate our people to be missionaries in desire and in action. Then we will grow as do other churches. Every Universalist must be kindled with the sense of obligation to do something for the spread of his faith. There ought not to be an idle Universalist, surely not an indifferent one, on the face of the earth. If there are any, they ought to be disturbed. The peace of inactivity cannot be afforded. The task that presses is developing a genius for missionary endeavor and mastery.

"True we have been on the defensive; there have

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been so many attacks that we have been kept busy in maintaining the places occupied. But the time has arrived to go forth in church extension and missionary activity. If we have been recreant in the past let it not be thus in the future. Other denominations, not so able as ours, have missionaries, agents for their literature and superintendents to advise and cheer, organizing the people, planting and fostering churches. We must do the same — *must*, I say, for the law is, forward or backward, as there is no stationary ground for the soul, much less is there for the Church."

II. THE METHODS.

"There is a great reason, why we should plant churches in the large cities, in the fact that so many Universalists are there doing nothing for their faith. It is perfectly safe to assume that there are Universalists enough in any of the large western cities to build a church; and more are coming all the time.

"Does any one say, as I have heard theoretical missionaries, 'why don't they go to work and build for themselves without waiting for outside help?' How can they, until they are gathered by an organizer and set to work? These believers, scattered through a great city, have, from time to time, come from various churches in the East, and, though they now live in the same city, they

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have had no means of knowing each other; so how can they work together in church relations? Unless a superintending missionary is sent to them, they will unite with some Partialist body.

"Now the Universalist who joins a Partialist Church, as a believer in universal salvation, is soon silenced. He does not talk his faith any more, nor work for it. And it is usually the case that greater effort is put forth to get Universalists who have money. The poor are not labored with so earnestly, and so they remain unchurched. And they are the class of people, true and loyal, who are ready to work when the missionary of their own faith comes along. Consequently our first movement in the city is composed of people of little means, the middle or working class. They are ready to work for their faith, but they have little to give. This necessitates outside help. With the most skilful pastor or missionary the first few years will be a struggle. A portion of the salary must be provided outside, by State or General Convention. And when the society thus gathered is ready to build a church, unless it has been exceptionally fortunate in winning moneyed men, it must receive aid again.

"Such a mission at the very beginning will, if the organizer is wise, start two things: first, *a church organization*; second, a fund for the building of an edifice. The influence of this is to unify and inspire confidence. Some money, if only a

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Sunday's collection, is set apart for a building fund, and a few people, if only a dozen or less, are united by the ties of church relationship. This means business. It indicates that somebody has faith. It inspires a looking forward to a church home, and is a great incentive toward permanency. More will identify themselves with the movement. All must feel that it is not an experiment, but a movement sure to succeed. This is worth a thousand times more than money; it has more power, it is a stronger element to insure victory. I know money may stimulate faith, but I would rather have faith than a mint for creating money.

"During the first year, if not longer, the pastor should be supported by a missionary fund so that all the funds the people of the parish raise, aside from defraying the running expenses for hall, music, fuel, etc., may go into the building fund. Let the ladies' society, and the young people's society, vote to raise a stated sum toward the new church, so there will be responsibility, and the new church will be talked of until men have faith in it. It is wonderful how much working force will be added and how fast money will come when old and young have resolved and committed themselves, made definite plans, assumed responsibilities and set themselves tasks without stopping to quibble or doubt or mourn over imagined difficulties. 'We want a church home; we can have it, and we will have it.' Let some one say

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this, and the battle is half won. All the great achievements ever won in this world were won by men of faith who said 'can.' Men who say 'can't' always fail.

"The moment a subscription is begun for a church lot or a building fund, the people feel that they are making progress; they are owning something together. The influence of this is to cement, so I say, buy an organ, or pulpit, or a piece of ground; get something tangible as a symbol of permanency.

"And I am sure such an organization, a church even, can be maintained without a pastor. If organized by a man who understands how to set people to work and keep them at it, a church can be made to grow in each one of these great western cities. All that is needed is advisory correspondence and an occasional visit by the missionary. In this way one organizer may be growing a dozen churches at the same time. And a missionary organizer should be in the field under the auspices of the General Convention. The secret of success in starting a mission that will go straight to victory and be self-supporting in a surprisingly short period of time is simply putting two earnest souls together and setting them to work. Then add a third worker and a third dollar. Isn't this according to the law of growth we find everywhere in nature? All great things come from small beginnings? The mustard seed

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is still the symbol. The trouble is, we wait to get a big start and, therefore, too often don't start at all. I think the best way to start a church is to start.

"If a church is grown in this way, every worker is thoroughly tested and the increase, though slow, is most sure because the best service of every member is slowly learned and in due time utilized. It has been our custom to send great orators, who could draw the crowds, and thus begin churches in the large cities. Please point out to me some of the churches built by oratory alone.

"But the money, the money to do these things! In the first place, to start these movements we do not need much money. A short time ago I asked a Presbyterian pastor how much his little church in a suburb of Omaha was worth. He answered 'ten thousand dollars.' And he told me it began, three years before, with a membership of two sisters and one brother, all three poor.

"It matters little if the first movers in a church enterprise are poor. If earnest, faithful, loyal, consecrated — this is better than money for founding a church. The first Christian was a very poor man; he had nowhere to lay his head. The twelve members of his Church were also poor men. I suppose there are churches that were built by rich men only, but I would not want to be pastor of one of them. I know we must have money for planting churches in our great cities,

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and that money must come for the most part from outside. There is plenty of wealth in our denomination for such missionary enterprises, and we can get it. But we must move first. Only movement brings money. Faith goes before. Faith built Brooklyn bridge and tunnelled Hoosack Mountain before a dollar was raised for those great enterprises.

"Let organizers with missionary genius and missionary faith like Dr. Perin be sent to these cities at once. Do not send a man who has had no experience. Send a trained general. Theory may be good, but our best theories will have to be modified when we come to practice. No man ever built a house without changing some of his plans, or wishing he had, before he got through. A young man has made up a description of the woman he desires to marry. She must be tall, her eyes of such a color and all her features and ways according to his ideal plan. At last he gets married, and his wife hasn't one of the qualities he wanted; she is the very opposite.

"The moneyed men in our Church are practical men, and are good judges of practical methods. Let them see these in operation, and let them see men put into the mission field of whom they can say, 'that man is doing something; he has executive ability; that movement will succeed,' and then they will be able to convince these men of a definite purpose. Never ask for money in the

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dark. If any person or church expresses a preference for giving to some other city than the ones for which money is being raised accept the contribution and put it on interest, until the time arrives for starting a mission there. While raising money for Denver, you may find people who will not contribute for that mission, but for San Francisco, it may be on account of having friends there. Take the money and start a fund for the mission it is their wish to foster, and such parties will be sure to give more when the time comes for building a church.

"One always meets at some stage of the work in the mission field with a financial crisis, or at least an embarrassment, and, at this juncture, some money must usually be borrowed. Though the funds which the contract calls for may have been subscribed, they may not all be collectable as soon as needed. To meet such an exigency I advocate the creation of a Loan Fund. The obligation to meet the payments is a great incitement to exertion, and we all know that exertion is the very life of a church. A manageable debt is often a good thing. It brings the members closer together, gets new people acquainted and gives those who did not contribute while the church was building an opportunity to do their part and own their share in the church. We are most loyal to things we work for, give and suffer.

"An aggressive movement all along the line is

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now in order. We can plant churches in all important centers. We can. We have the workers, or, if not, only by beginning the work will the workers come. We have the means; our people are not poor.

"We need a tremendous shaking up. Don't be afraid of enthusiasm. It won't hurt us spiritually. If any are starving today, it is because of trying to live on culture only. Some great icebergs are floating around in these days, called 'culture.'

"Oh, friends! Give us of your enthusiasm for this movement! You remember how the heart of our noble President Lincoln ached because in the early part of the war our Generals did not move. They lost time by waiting; were always getting ready but never moving. And not until Grant and Sherman and Sheridan (men who believed in movement, men who moved and kept moving) were called to supersede the slow commanders did we reach Appomattox and save the Union. This is what we need now in our Church, *movement*.

"From this time forth, brethren, let our watchword be, 'Go forward!' or 'Come forward!' and all up and down your great rivers and scattered over your broad prairies will be set the beacon-lights of our holy faith to light up with hope and joy the coming years."

CHAPTER XX.

TWO VICTORIES.

1. THE SOLDIER PATRIOT: A MEMORY.*

"It is good to see these silent cannon, which you use here for purposes memorial and emblematic, pointing their muzzles toward the sky. Once you pointed them at brave men who fought for principles, for home and country all dear to them as ours were dear to us, when we came as invaders from the North. The war has ended, and now patriotism unites us in a perpetual bond. By this day, with its sweet service of strewing flowers above the graves of the dead, we are also in loving sympathy united to those heroes who have gone to the world beyond. Today we will not ask on which side did they march. The question which abides is, 'Were they true, and brave and noble?' May tender hands place flowers in memory of all such heroes. But some of the dead are in unknown graves. The comrade sleeps where he fell. On many a field I have seen the nameless grave. All up and down the Shenandoah are those scattered and lonely mounds, green by the wayside. Who will search out and decorate them? The grass

* From an address on Decoration Day, 1902, at the National Military Cemetery, Marietta, Ga.

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growing there will not be trodden by foot of man, no loving hand will deposit the memorial wreath. Yet the wild flowers are growing there and joyous bird notes are blending with the requiem of the wind, melody where once was the din of war.

"It is fitting that nature, sympathetic, should weave her life and beauty into floral offerings appropriate to the observance of this day. Flowers are fragile things. They wither soon, their beauty fades, their odors die. It is what they symbolize that will remain. And the little flags you plant over the graves of the dead, they, too, are fragile things. In a few weeks they fade and fall into shreds. It is what they symbolize that will remain. And all over this land of ours — in city, town, hamlet, countryside — are memorial stones, granite and marble, marking the resting places of the nation's dead. They, too, are perishable. It is what they symbolize that will remain.

"Is it true that all life and growth is nourished by sacrifice? It may be then that every drop of blood shed by those who died and those who lived has enriched our nation's life. Sentiment I know! But sentiment lies back of all achievement. It is the dynamite that stimulates to noble endeavor and glorious action. Sentiment crystallizes in creations that bless our world. When this deep element stirs the souls of men, new streams of power flow into the nation's veins and are transmuted into a richer national life. It

FAITH WITH POWER

is sentiment that leaps into heroic deeds and weaves the patriotic wreath.

"This is a service of memory and patriotism. It is good to remember the past. Today we go back in memory to momentous events in our nation's history; and even farther back to those sluggish days when our nation's blood was thick and full of poison. The disease was creeping paralysis, the gangrene of slavery. There was stagnation in the business world, and electric bolts were gathered in our political sky. A little cloud, no larger than a man's hand, and very black was seen about the horizon. It spread and with gathering gloom drowned the sun and stars.

"The virus struck deep its roots, Lovejoy died, Phillips came and 'Uncle Tom.' The Missouri Compromise was repealed, 'border ruffians' entered Kansas, Garrison was stoned and the fugitive slave law went into effect — this last doing more than 'Uncle Tom' and John Brown to increase the abolition sentiment. 'Free Soilers' melted into the party that elected Lincoln; South Carolina went out of the Union; other states followed. The cloud bursts, and the Nation is split in twain. Beauregard's cannons belch their fire, hurling shot and shell into the little fort in Charleston harbor. The flag comes down, Abraham Lincoln calls for seventy-five thousand men. From farm and factory, shop and store, office and college, young men rush to the field.

TWO VICTORIES

"Martial music fills the air; bugle notes in every valley, drumbeats on every mountainside. Mothers weep at parting with their boys, young husbands caress their little ones for the last time — you remember it all.

"Out of obscurity came our great captains: Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, McPherson, Logan. Now you see the flame of battle, fierce on Shiloh's field, and at Malvern Hill, Donnelson, Cold Harbor, Winchester, Franklin, Kennesaw, Gettysburg. At last you march to Appomattox. And now you are going home. Oh memory! How rich, pathetic, joyful the thrilling scenes that rise before us, revived by memory!

"Slavery died before the blaze of your rifles. State rights doctrine is no more. And if any outward enemy or internal foe should rise to strike down that flag, the fires of patriotism, burning in every soul, will flash forth all over this land. In the North and in the South loyal hands will lift 'Old Glory' to the breeze and scale the heights of opposition. 'Victory' will be the song on every side, bursting from myriad throats, and its swelling strains will go on reverberating down the centuries."

2. A VISION.*

"God is Love!"

"So love is the mightiest power.

* Sentences from a sermon on "Love never Faileth."

FAITH WITH POWER

It is back of all worlds.

Quenchless its flame, eternal its glow.

A deep that has never been sounded is God's Love.

A fathomless undercurrent that will flow on forever.

Without love this would be a world of gloom:

A scene of desolation and perpetual darkness.

All the beauty of the outer world would be
mockery.

All its music would be discord, the brightest skies
alluring to deceive.

Perpetual strife would rage in the human breast.

There would be no voice to calm, no strains to
soothe.

Hope would die; no ties to bind; no harmony
between soul and soul.

Weary searchers after peace would seek in vain.

Without love human life is a desert;

A pathless wilderness stretching into gloom:

The regal home is a palace of ice.

With love the lowliest hut becomes a mansion.

Preferable, a world of pain with love, than of
pleasure without it.

Love is the root of happiness:

In deathless union it binds souls together.

It feeds the deepest sympathy; answers the
strongest yearnings.

It gives itself in sacrifice;

It bestows happiness, when all other gifts have
failed.

TWO VICTORIES

What a sublime mystery is love!
In the mother's heart it types the heart of God.
The mother sees something in her child to love.

Love is God's missionary.
Beneath all that blights God sees something in
His child to love.
His love penetrates the hardened walls of sin;
His love restores the defaced image of himself.
Sin must break and vanish under love's trans-
forming power.
Oh wondrous truth, so hard to comprehend;
That love is the supreme force!
It is the unseen current that flows from heart to
heart;
It binds all souls to the great central source.
If love should cease to beat in the smallest human
soul,
The cessation of its flow would be felt in Heaven.

Take love out of the heart and all humanities will
be gone;
Ties will break that bind man to man, nation to
nation.
The father will disown his child;
The mother will forsake her helpless babe.
Altar fires of the heart gone out, only ashes
remain!
Gone, the immortal beauty of the soul;
Gone, the image of God!

FAITH WITH POWER

And will the future world be loveless?
Loving natures here, heartless beings there?
Heaven a place of eternal heartlessness?
Hearts tender here with Christ's compassion,
there turned to stone?
Here love gives nobility and strength to manhood:
It gives grace and sweetness to womanhood.
Will love slumber over there; will it cease or fail?
Paul declares: 'Prophecies may fail, tongues may
cease,
But LOVE NEVER FAILETH.'

Then love will remain the same.
It will grow in strength.
It will increase in fervor:
It will expand in its reaches.
It will be more intense and richer in divine
sweetness.
It will exalt to equality, and kinship with angels.
Immortal power, it can never be effaced.
Heavenly life shall surpass the earthly,
As love there excels in splendor, what is now and
here.

In the Home Above, we must have objects to love;
Our fathers and mothers must be there, and our
children.
All whom we loved in this life must be there.
We shall know them.

TWO VICTORIES

We shall be able to find them, else Heaven will not
be Heaven.

Mother will not be happy without her child.

And this is Universalism.

It stands for the Love of God, now and forever
more.

It comes with songs in the night.

It teaches that not one of God's children will be
finally rejected.

Hopes, longings, aspirations will not be thwarted.
Some sweet day there will be an answer to every
cry for life.

Death is but transplanting to higher and holier
conditions.

There, conditions are better fitted for spiritual
progress.

There, love will run on errands of mercy.

There, fewer obstructions will bar the way.

Unceasing love will fulfill every sublime prophecy.

Ways for grander fruition will open for every soul.

What began to germinate and grow in this world
comes to its best over there.

"His mercy endureth forever."

His doors are open for growth, learning and
perfection.

His love will pursue till the last lost sheep is found.

Oh the vision of Universalism!

It is great and grand beyond compare;

FAITH WITH POWER

It sees the searchlight of eternal love breaking
from the throne of God.

It streams down the avenues of eternity.

It flashes into all the dark abysses of the universe.

The face of the last wayward child turns home-
ward.

Repentant and radiant with hope he comes to
the Father's house.

So love is all conquering;

It tells not of fall and final ruin:

It points to the rise and perfection of the race.

It looks forward to happy fulfillment, to a home
of re-union.

There, love, holy, deathless, God-like will ever
abide.

God's all conquering love!

May it comfort our hearts and bring us peace.

Come, resignation and trust, for every hour of
sorrow;

Come, peace, that passeth understanding.

The Christ will reign till all enemies are under his
feet.

The last enemy, death, shall be destroyed.

Victory, at last! Victory for God! Victory for
Christ!

Victory for man — victory for every man!

Final fulfillment, glorious triumph, Victory!"

Amen.

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